TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL XLVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880. NO. 31

Poetry.

BALLADE OF SLEEP.

The hours are passing slow,
I hear their weary tread
Clang from the tower, and go
Back to their kinsfolk dead.
Sleep! Death's twin brother dread!
Why dost thou scorn me so?
The wind's voice overhead
Long wakeful here I know,
And music from the steep
Where waters fall and flow.
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep!

All sounds that might bestow
Rest on the fever'd bed,
All slumberous sounds and low
Are mingled here and wed,
And bring no drowsihed.
Shy dreams flit to and fro
With shadowy hair dispread;
With wistful eyes that glow,
And silent robes that sweep.
Thou will not hear me; no!
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show
Of sacrifice unsped?
Of all thy slaves below
I most have labored
With service sung and said:
Have culled such buds as blow,
Soft poppies white and red,
Where thy still garden grow
And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

ENVOY.

Prince, ere the dark be shred
By golden shafts, ere low
And long the shadows creep,
Lord of the wand of lead,
Soft-footed as the snow,
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?
—*Ballades, in Blue China*

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Toledo BLADE.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN.

"For Three Years, or During the War."

At Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,
Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

COPYRIGHT, 1880.

CHAPTER XLI.

AFTER THE EVACUATION—THE FORTUNES OF KARL AND BRONSON—LEAVING THE HOSPITAL FOR THE GUNBOAT—THE NAVAL FIGHT AT FORT PILLOW—ENUF FOR A YEAR CROWDED INTO THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR.

Beauregard had outwitted Halleck. The Rebel General knew from the moment that he ordered a retreat from the field of Shiloh that Corinth was lost. His only hope of saving the place and preserving the great lines of communication of which that was the key-point, lay in crushing Grant's army before it could receive reinforcements, and then in similarly crushing other forces in detail. This hope vanisht into thin air the moment that Buell's forces formed a junction with those of Grant. When Halleck brot up two more consider able armies to add to this force, the question became with Beauregard how he could extricate himself, unharmed. He did this with a skill that was so foreign to his previous and subsequent career in the army as to make it very difficult to believe that he is entitled to the credit of it. To his orders showed that he was making ready to retreat as early as the 9th of May, he so deceived Halleck with shows of aggression as to daunt the latter from making the decisive advance till the 30th of May, and up to the last moment Halleck believed that he was to be attackt, instead of attacking, and while Beauregard's army was hastening away with all the speed possible, Halleck was gathering his forces to repel a tremendous assault upon his left wing, which he thot was impending.

Thus Beauregard was able to move off without the least molestation, and carry with him every pound of camp equipage that he desired to take.

The men in the Grand Army who had screwed their courage up to the sticking point for a sanguinary encounter felt that curious mixture of chagrin and relief customary on such occasions. They were elated that the Rebels had confest their inferiority by retreating without a battle; they breathed freer that the long-impending danger was over, but they were angry that the enemy whom they expected to crush had eluded them, and escaped unscathed.

For a fortnight the army lay around the captured Town, while the cavalry and a force under Gen. Pope beat up the surrounding country for the enemy.

Good news was coming in from all directions. The long loitering of the Army of the Potomac around Washington had at last ended. It was now advancing upon the Rebel Capital at a pace that promised us possession of the headquarters of the Rebellion before the end of the month. Island No. 10, with its large garrison, had surrendered to Gen. Pope the day that the Rebels were driven back from Shiloh. The Rebel fleet which had attempted to defend Memphis from our gunboats had been defeated and utterly destroyed, and the City itself had fallen into our hands. At the lower end of the Mississippi similar good luck had attended our arms. Our fleet had past the Forts guarding the approach from the sea, and had captured New Orleans itself. It seemed beyond a doubt that the boastful Confederacy was tottering to a speedy fall.

Leaving Walter and O'Neil—who was again a full Sergeant—in a comfortable camp near Corinth, where the Regiment was posted to guard a railroad bridge against raids of the Rebel cavalry, we will follow the fortunes of the other two of the File.

Karl's injury did not develop any of the serious consequences the Surgeon feared, and under the assiduous and tender nursing of the lady volunteers, he recovered to such an extent shortly after his arrival at Cairo as to be officially pronounced convalescent, and sent to the Convalescent Hospital, where to his great joy, he found Bronson, whose wound was also healing rapidly. For a week or more they enjoyed the clean, soft beds and well-cookt rations of the Hospital, and they began to tire of them, and long for a change, and round the Surgeon when he made his morning rounds as to when there would be a likelihood of their being sent back to their Regiment. His replies were not very encouraging. There was no urgent need of men at their part of the front then, and consequently no reason why they should be hurried forward before they were entirely well. Besides, he was not anxious to part with them. He stood very much in need of good, efficient men for ward-masters, and he had selected them for that position. If they wisht, they need not go back to the field at all, and certainly not until they had a good, long rest. Neither could help grimacing a little when the Surgeon made his kind offer. To them the Hospital was rapidly passing from the stage of tiresomeness into that of positive hatefulness. They had that repugnance to association with the maimed and diseased of their kind common to all healthy young animals. And their antipathy to the long, dreary wards of the Hospital, with their whitewasht roofs and sides, their rows of white beds on iron bedsteads, their odors of chloride of lime and nauseous drugs, their slippered attendants, and their dull monotony of routine was rising daily to where it would become insurmountable. Their gorges rose at the idea of spending their days in dosing out the medicine, and attending to the wants of the sick men in such a place or anywhere.

"I'd rather take a month in the mud at Shiloh or the snow at Fort Donelson, than a week as attendant in such a place as this," said Bronson, with a shudder of disgust, as the Surgeon turned away.

"A tamt sight radder," said Karl, sententiously.

The Surgeon overheard this and returned.

"Now, there's no two ways about this," he said, rather hotly. "You've got to stay, and do duty awhile in the Hospital. I've put up with the shirks and sneaks that are seeking details here just as long as I'm going to. I'm going to detail men that suit me from wherever I can find them, just the same as other officers do. You suit me, and I'm goiag to have you for awhile, anyway. It's nothing but right and fair that you should take your turn at this kind of duty, just the same as at any other. Anyway, you can make up your minds to stay until the opening of the Fall campaign, if the War lasts that long."

"That makes the outlook have a very bilious aspect," said Bronson, as the Surgeon passed out of hearing.

"Hain't we better apply to the Governor, und ket partout oud," said Karl whimsically.

"Well, I'm sure of one thing," said Bronson, "and that is that no doctor can keep us in here many weeks. We'll find a way to get out back to the Regiment, somehow."

"We might get de small-pox aut prake out," said Karl.

They obtained a pass, and leaving the Hospital, took a strol down to the levee. All was life and bustle there, for transports were being loaded, and gunboats fitted out, as of yore. As they stood and lookt, an officer came out of the crowd upon the levee, whom they remembered as one of the crew of the flag-boat, when they were serving on her during the movement against Fort Henry. The recognition was mutual, and they exchanged with him information as to what had happened each since they had separated. He had been promoted until he was now executive officer of one of the boats forming the fleet operating in the river below Cairo. Bronson and Karl told him of their present difficulty, and his face took on an encouraging aspect as he listened.

"Give yourselves no further trouble on that head," he said, as they finisht. "I can straighten that out in very short meter. That is, I can't send you back to your Regiment, but I can get you out of the hospital, and you'll not be long in finding your way where you want to go. I've got an order from the General commanding—who out-ranks your Surgeon considerably—to take from the convalescent hospitals such men for sharpshooters on my vessel as I may select, and I start out by selecting you. Go back to the Hospital and get ready to come."

The Surgeon could not resist the orders of the commanding General, but he yielded with poor grace. Bronson and Karl thankt him for his kindness, but lost no time in hurrying aboard the "Mound City," with such few little effects as they had collected since absent from the Regiment. The boat was as clean as the Hospital, while its aspect of strong, healthful life was in itself a restorative a hundred fold more powerful than all the drugs in the dispensary. They were quite willing to exchange their cots for the hammocks that were issued to them, and when they were handed two new Springfield rifles, with accouterments, they felt that they were once more restored to full health and the possession of all their faculties.

The "Mound City" started off that evening to return to the fleet, which was then preparing to attack Fort Pillow, and came to anchor a mile or two above it on the night of May 9.

The next morning Bronson and Karl were up early, surveying the surroundings with curiosity. Several gunboats were tugging at their anchors in the swift current of the River, and a half-dozen mortar boats were lying against the banks. The thin, lazy curl of smoke that rose from the chimneys of the gunboats showed that their fires were banked, and that no immediate service was expected of them. Barefooted sailors were languidly washing the decks with water drawn from the River. The sun, which had risen high above the horizon, tho it was yet not 7 o'clock, was sending down his burning rays in a way that made them dread what the noon would be. Not a breeze stirred the flags drooping around their staffs like leaves withered by the burning sun. The swamps on the Arkansas side seemed to be steaming under the fervid heat.

About a mile and a half below the boat upon which they were lay the mortar boats, and beyond, guarding them, was the gunboat "Cincinnati," lying well inshore, to be out of the strongest current. A half-a mile below her, a bend in the River shut off the view.

As they lookt at her, and studied the mortar boats—which were new to them—with curiosity, they saw a gunboat flying the Stars and Bars come into view around the distant point. Behind her came another, and then another, until six were in plain view.

The effect on the fleet was electrical. Everywhere the men were being called to quarters, and preparations made for action. The firemen, under the spurring of the engineers, were filling the furnaces with all manner of quick combustibles, to get up sufficient steam for manuvering.

Bronson and Karl took their stations on the hurricane deck, where they could at times avail themselves of the protection of the iron clad pilot house, against balls from the great guns.

The Rebels' plan soon developt. It was to dash in upon the "Cincinnati," ram her till she sank, and destroy the mortar boats above her, before the fleet above could get up steam and come to her assistance. One gunboat and three rams—all iron clads—steamed rapidly for the "Cincinnati," while the rest of the Rebel fleet opened fire at long range.

Despite every effort made on the "Cincinnati," she could not be got ready to manuver against her antagonists. Her head of steam was not sufficient to more than maintain her against the current, and the drift-wood had collected around her bows in such a way as to render her almost wholly unmanageable. She could only fire her stern guns at her assailants, off whose sides the shots rattled like peas from a piece of sheet iron. The leading Rebel steamer—the "McCrea,"—was not incommoded for a minute by them, but came on with terrible force, and struck her steel prow against the "Cincinnati's" side with an impact that c usht in the timbers as if they were egg shells. But the gunners of the "Cincinnati" did not lose their coolness for an instant, and as their boat swung around from the force of the blow given her, they poured a broadside into the "M'Crea." Their Captain, running to the hurricane deck with a rifle, shot the pilot of the "M'Crea" thru the head, killing him instantly, but was himself shot down a moment after. Again and again the Rebel ram backt off and ran with full force against the devoted gunboat, with a terrible concussion and crash, but as she was coming up for the fifth time a long range shot from our flag-ship pierced her boiler. The high pressure steam rusht out with a shriek that sounded high above the roar of the heavy guns, her decks were seen to rise, such of her crew as were not instantly scalded to death sprang frantically overboard to drown in the eddying current, and the wreck floated away, around the bend.

But this mishap did not abate the fury of the assault by the rest of the Rebel fleet. The other rams ran up to complete the destruction of the "Cincinnati." As the leading one struck the hapless boat, she was struck in turn by the "Mound City," which had come up with all the speed that lard oil and turpentine under her boilers would crowd out of her engines. The terrible shock of the collision threw Bronson and Karl to the deck, but when they sprang up they saw that the same effect had been produced upon the sharpshooters on the Rebel boat, who were now scrambling to their feet, behind their protections, and opening fire on our officers. Bronson and Karl fired at the Rebel pilot, but before they could see the effect of their shots, they were thrown upon their faces by another mighty shock to their boat, which they discovered was caused by another Rebel boat ramming her. For a few minutes there was a whirlwind of maddening excitement around them. The great guns thundered like Jove in his angriest moments, and their shots beat against each other's iron sides like blows from colossal hammers upon mighty anvils. The escaping steam whistled and screamed, the officers shouted orders thru their trumpets, and the sharpshooters kept up an incessant rattle of their pieces. Then the boats drew away from each other again to repeat their ramming, and as they did so Bronson and Karl saw the "St. Louis" come dashing out of the smoke and, striking the second of their boat's assailants amidships, cut it literally in two, and pass over the severed remnants. A few of the Rebel crew came to the surface of the water, and were taken on board the "St. Louis," but the great majority of them went down with their vessel. This reduced the contest to a duel between themselves and one antagonist, the "Gen. Van Dorn" with which the Rebels still fought desperately. Again they came together with a crash which seemed to rend the frames of the two vessels, and again there was a mad raging of the artillery and musketry on both sides. Again they drew back for another plunge at each other, when the scale of battle was finally turned against the Rebels, by the arrival of the Flagship—the powerful "Benton," which, tho she had as yet got only steam enuf up to give her steerage way in the current, came slowly and grandly on, swinging around and around, as if on a pivot, that each of her great guns might be fired in succession as they bore upon the Rebels. One of her huge shells struck one of the gun boats lying in reserve, and in a moment she was wrapt in flames, the crew sprang overboard, but the water was no refuge, for in an instant more the fire reached her magazine, and she exploded with a violence, and a hurling abroad of her timbers that must have swept all the strugglers out of existence.

Then the rest of the reserve boats fell back behind the bend, and the "Van Dorn" turned and fled swiftly away.

"Vell, dis seems to be Shiloh turnt around," said Karl, as soon as he comprehended that the fight was over, and a great victory had been gained.

"I just heard one of the officers say that the fight lasted forty-five minutes," said Bronson. "Seems to be that they crowded heaps of it into a minute. There was enuf to spread over a year."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

Words so Long that they Have Perspective.

Mark Twain says that some German words are so long that they have a perspective. Observe these examples: Freundschaftsbezigungen, Dilettantensufdringlichkeiten, Stadtverodnetensversammlungen. These things are not words, they are alphabetical processions, and they are not rare; one can open a German newspaper any time and see them marching majestically across the page—and if he have any imagination he can see the banners and hear music too. They impart a magic thrill to the meekest subject. I take a great interest in these curiosities. Whenever I come across a good one I stuff it and put it in my museum. In this way I have made quite a valuable collection. When I get duplicates I exchange with other collectors, and thus increase the variety of my stock. Here are some specimens which I lately bought at an auction sale of effects of a bankrupt bric a brac hunter: Generalstaatsverordnetenversammlungen, Alterthumswissenschaften, Kinderbewahrungeanstalten, Unabbeengigkeitserkeitserklaerungen, Wiederherstellungsbestrebungen, Waffenstillstandsunterhandlungen. Of course, when one of these grand mountain ranges goes stretching across the printed page, it adorns and ennobles that literary landscape, but at the same time it is a great distress to the new student, for it blocks up his way; he cannot crawl under it, or climb over it, or tunnel through it. So he resorts to the dictionary for help, but there is no help there. The dictionary must draw the line somewhere, so it leaves this sort of words out.

A Possible Solution.
Rising Free Press.

Dr. Tanner is fattening on water. Very well. We suspect this man of dried apples.

For the BLADE.

SONG.

BY EMILIE CLARK.

O! breathe not those accents, though distance divide us—
Though Time has been lavish with sorrow and years,
Thou art dear to me still; and the past cannot chide us.
When we turn and look back through a vista of tears.

Ah, yes! thou art dear, though the sunshine has faded
From off my young forehead, while shadows of care
Like the twilight of evening, my pathway has shaded,
And left, now and then silver threads in my hair.

Speak not of indifference while there yet linger
The hopes and the dreams of my earliest hours,
While Memory points with her magical finger,
To pathways whose thorns are all hidden in flowers.

How well I have loved thee may never be spoken,
And now, even now, in my early decline,
My hopes all departed, thy promises broken,
The heart that once loved thee must ever be thine.

HER MORTAL ENEMY.

And How She Overcame Him

A Story of a Woman's Ways.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of being from the well amid the waste;
And, lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The nothing it set out from—oh, make haste!"

The fortnight has rolled itself out into a month. January lies stretcned on her death bed, and snowdrop-crowned February stands a-tiptoe, waiting to step into her departing sister's shoes.

In this world something is always standing ready to shove something else off into the dark. Down at Northcountry Marlowe, the winter aconites, with their little green shoulders shrugged up to their ears to keep the cold out, make the brown bordere gay. But here in the square garden, no small, cheerful, yellow face shows itself smiling through the sooty, smutty earth-crust. The days hasten past, monotonous and speedy—for monotony is ever quick. If we would fain make a tiny life taste long, we should do something different on each of our scanty days. At the end of twenty years we should know how Methuselah felt.

Gillian has seen eight and-twenty gray days race past her, no one of them either much better or much worse than its fellows. Occasionally, indeed, the gray has been freaked and speckled with spots of black, when, for instance, the knife of her father's caustic tongue has cut deeper than its wont, or she has returned with brisled pride and bleeding vanity from some sharper than usual brush with Burnet. For, with a resolute consistency that would have raised her to eminence in any profession, she has maintained her attitude of overt enmity, and hardly less suspicion, toward her father's doctor. And he, being, perhaps, by nature of a temper hardly more suave or meek than her own, has long given up all attempt to conciliate her, and now meets her readily with her own weapons of sour looks, captious answers, and stinging repartees. And meanwhile the cause that has brought them into contact is slowly but most surely disappearing journeying inevitably from the *is* to the *is not*.

Some of us give up life at one throw, tossing it to death, crying, "Since you must have it, take it all, and at once." Others fight it out, little inch by little inch, clutching at the last poor rag with tight-clinging fingers. And this is how Gillian's father is going. From day to day there is perhaps not much change to be noticed; the same tedious routine of duties wearisomely gone through. But looking back a week or a fortnight, it is seen that many little practices, involving even a small exertion, have been discontinued. The sick palate turns with ever greater distaste from the light and delicate food. The sea of death is patiently encroaching on the shores of life's lessening continent. It is true that he still has his French novels read aloud to him; that he still passes ironical encomiums on his daughter's accent and seldom fails to remind her of Fraulein Schwarz's unfortunate compliment; that he still chuckles to his pillow over the memory of his primeval *bonnes fortunes*. But every day the chuckle waxes fainter; the portion of Zola and Belot smaller; the venom of his sneers at his patient daughter less. For, in the case of anything so frail and perishing and ruined, who would not be patient? Even impatient Gillian. Whether it be her patience or the pleasure that such sick eyes must reap from the sight of her strength and bloom; or the discovery that she never rustles or jingles as she walks, that her hands are always cool and clever, and her young arms strong and willing—certain it is that, as the days go on, she is summoned ever oftener and oftener, and for ever longer periods to his side; dismissed ever more and more grudgingly. And, now that the end draws near, she is scarcely ever absent.

It is true, indeed, that the invalid still puts himself to a good deal of trouble to prove to her how absolutely null and void her influence with him is. He still ostentatiously postpones her opinion to that of his doctor; still takes a malicious, though perhaps partially æsthetic, pleasure in calling the splendid red to her cheeks, and the daggers to her great eyes, by making her render a furious obedience to some mandate or—much more often—recommendation of Burnet's. Often she has been dismissed from her duties with legs trembling from long-standing, with hot head and aching eyes, but still foaming with rage at having obtained her release—rest, food, and necessary fresh air—from the hand of her enemy. For Gillian is nothing if not consistent, and he is her enemy still.

Latterly, ever since Burnet's patient and Gillian's father has begun distinctly to decline, and Burnet's daily visits have consequently multiplied from one to two, and sometimes even three, they have been a great deal in each other's company. Often her small and capable hands have met his in raising, or turning, or giving some new ease of posture to him that is in the unending restlessness of dying. Often their grave eyes ask and answer each other's questions when speech would fret the sick man's irritable ear, or chase his feverish sleep. Often, too, outside his door, they have talked together low and quickly; the one giving the directions which he knows will be carried out with so punctilious a minuteness, the other listening with teachable gravity, and heedfully laying them to heart. And yet, behind and under all their hand-meetings, eye-speakings, and amiable dialogues, there is on both sides a mutual understanding that all this is without prejudice to the real and genuine attitude of their minds toward each other; that this is but the truce of God. Behind it, behind it all, this forced intimacy and compelled civility, still flourishes the old hostility, ready and waiting to be taken up by either party or both on the first convenient opportunity. Probably that opportunity is now not far off.

It is the 1st of February—one of those gentle, soft breathed days that sometimes come in suave bands of two and three, in that month of promises which March so rarely performs. The air that outside is whispering sweetly to the young hazels, and waking snowdrop and crocus out of their earthy sleep, weighs faint and heavy in the shut sick room. Gillian has been on her legs for the best part of a day and a night; for, despite the presence of the nurse, her father's fading eyes querulously follow, his dry lips crossly ask the reason of, her every exit.

He has been worse all day; more full of unrest, more feeble, spent. His dwindling stock of strength has been still further reduced by the exhaustion consequent on a long interview with his lawyer on the day before, an interview wished for by himself, and much encouraged by Burnet.

It is evening now—eight o'clock. The lights of broughams and hansoms carrying people out to dinner flash past, and the lamps make red points at regular intervals round the dark square. For the moment Gillian is not wanted. She has slipped away to her own room; and, after standing drowsily at the open window for a few minutes, with eyelids continually down-dropping in utter masterless sleepiness over her eyes, has exchanged her gown for a dressing-gown, and has thrown herself on the bed, promising herself to awake in half an hour.

In an instant she is heavily asleep; one of those bottomless slumbers across which the hours race without leaving a mark. If she is left to herself it will be morning—high noon, perhaps—ere she wake. But she is not fated to sleep her sleep out. At what hour of the night she knows not; but there comes a moment when a noise of some kind first sets her dreaming; then mixes madly with her dream; then breaks it—a noise, which, as she sits up and tries to clear her muddled senses, resolves itself into a quick and imperative knocking at her door.

In an instant she has sprung off the bed, and run barefoot to open it. The candle she had left burning on her table is still alight, though it is burned down in the socket. By its weak light she sees Burnet's face—always grave—but now with an undefinable new gravity on it, meeting hers.

"Come," he says curtly.

"Is he worse?" she cries brought back in a moment to perfect wakefulness by his one pregnant word.

"Yes."

"Is it—is it—the end?" with a little break in her voice.

"Yes."

Without another syllable she follows him. The sick room door is wide open; and through it a potent draught of air meets them as they enter. All the three windows are flung wide; and through them the chilly night gusts freely drive. The nurse stands by the bedside, ceaselessly waving a large fan, and yet all this air is impotent to give ease to one poor pair of toiling lungs.

Raised by many high pillows into what is virtually a sitting posture, the sick man lies with eyes awake and conscious, and parted lips dry and parched by the passage of the passing breath. It seems as if to each breath a heavy stone were tied, so laboriously does he drag it up. And none can help him with that dread burden.

Gillian stands at the bed foot, her hands painfully locked together, her large, bright eyes—the sleep driven far from them—fixed, in all the astonished fear of one that looks on death for the first time, on the painful fight going on before her. Every now and then she sharply draws a long, gasping breath, with a sort of unconscious feeling that *that* may help him. She is not aware that great tears of uttermost pity have stolen into her eyes, and are dropping down her cheeks. She is almost as much startled as if one had spoken to her from the dead when she hears her father's voice addressing her—slowly, indeed, with many breaks between, but still the same voice that had sneeringly eulogized her French accent three days ago.

"Pray—do not—cry—Gillian. No one—has ever—won—anything from me by tears! Smiles, my dear—smiles!"

There is even a streak of the old coxcombry of the almost extinguished voice. She cannot bear it. She feels as if her own breast were bursting in two. In a moment she has fled, without noise, from the room; and sitting down on the topmost step of the stairs, outside, covers her face with her hands, and sobs. Perhaps the sound of her own weeping has hindered her hearing Burnet's footsteps following her. At all events, when she looks up, she finds him standing beside her.

"Can not you do anything?" she cries, almost fiercely, and shuddering, as through the open door come, without ceasing, the sound of that weary laboring and the noise of the useless winnowing of the fan.

"Nothing!"

"Are you *utterly* powerless?"

"Utterly!"

"What is the use of your art then?" she cries, with passionate unreason, raising her head, with its little tossed hair-tendrils falling untidy and soft about her brow, and the drowned stars of her impatient, suffering eyes to his face.

"It never pretended to be as strong as death," he answered, sadly.

"Oh, how cruel it is!" she cries, throwing her head down on her knees. "If it is so bad now, what must it be when one loves a person? You know, it is your trade—what must it be?"

"It will soon be over," he replies, evading that answerless question.

"Is there no one in the whole world that loves him," she says, with a tone of keen pain, almost remorse, in her broken voice. "Oh, how thankful I should be if there were only a *dog* that was sorry for him!"

As she speaks, she looks up again with a sort of appeal into her companion's serious eyes, half hoping that he will say he is sorry. She would probably call him a hypocrite if he did, but still she is angry with him and disappointed that he does not. Instead:

"If you are so completely upset," he says, rather coldly, "you had better not come back. I called you because, as he is still perfectly conscious, I thought there might be something he wished to say to you; but I cannot have his last moments disturbed."

There is something in his tone that at once opens the passage that seemed closing in her throat—that almost dries the tears that have already fallen on her cheeks. In an instant she has risen to her feet, and stands beside him, tall and still.

"I am not upset," she answers, with a great struggle to be calm, "only it is the first time that I have ever seen any one die; and, though it is now such a matter of course to you, perhaps there was a time when it would have moved even you a little."

So saying, she passes at once back into the sick-room, and takes up her former situation at the bed-foot. He at the bedhead, she at the bed-foot; and so they stand through the watches of the long night. Sometimes their eyes meet and interrogate each other; sometimes he looks at her when she is not looking at him. Her attitude is always the same: the hands painfully squeezing each other; the forehead gathered into distressful puckers; the throat—usually, when he has seen her, so stiffly guarded by a well-starcht linen collar—gleaming fairly from the open neck of her dressing-gown; the hair generally in so tight and sleek a bondage becoming loosely about her ears, in itself entirely altering the character of her face, and masking her look twenty times as much as he had ever imagined that she could look.

And the hours wear on: the night gusts blowing the curtains into frolic shapes; the fan monotonously waving; the tustle for a little breath—only a little breath—forever raging. At last there comes a moment when the night and the morning meet; when the wind cuts coldly, and the candles flare, and that voice, for which so little further speech is in store, is once more heard.

"Where—is—Burnet?"

"I am here."

"I suppose," turning a little in the bed, as though he would turn his unseeing eyes in the direction whence the voice came, "I suppose—that the—performance—is nearly—over?"

"Very nearly."

(Can it be Burnet's harsh voice that speaks?—speaks in tones of such pitying gentleness, as if he would fain take the sting out of the bitter sentence it has to utter?"

There is a little pause; then the dying man's meager hand blindly travels toward his one friend's, and faintly grasps it.

"But—for—you—the curtain—would have—fallen—ten—years ago!"

Burnet does not answer in words, but his vigorous right hand kindly closes on the nerveless fingers, and delicately presses them.

"I—wish—you could—give me—another—ten!"

These are the last articulate words ever uttered by Thomas Latimer on this side of the silence!

CHAPTER X.

Now he is buried; followed to his grave among Kensal Green's multitudinous miscellaneous dead by Squire Marlowe, whom he has cut for fifteen years, and by a great many empty carriages. All that is now left of him is the will, in which he states his wishes as to the disposition of the two hundred and odd thousand pounds which he would have liked to have taken with him, and could not. His survivors have but lately been put in possession of its conditions; and two of them, the Squire and Gillian, have, for the past two or three hours, been hotly debating them, and are now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, much where they were when they set out.

"It is monstrous!" cries the Squire, for the sixteenth time, fussing up and down the room on his short legs, with his gray hair staring like a horse's coat on a cold day, and his hands thrust into the pockets of the easy old shooting-clothes, for which he has already hastened to exchange the decorous mourning suit, in which he took that dismal drive this morning on a coal-black mourning coach, drawn by two long-tailed inky steeds. "Such a will could not stand! I have never had much to say to lawyers, thank God! but it does not require lawyers to tell one what common sense and common justice mean. I do not believe there is a jury in England who would not bring a man in of unsound mind for making it."

"If all the juries in Great Britain and Ireland pronounced him mad," replies Gillian, firmly, "they would not convince me. He was as sane as I am."

She is standing, long and craped, beside the fire, a foot on the fender, a black elbow on the chimney-piece.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cries the Squire, quickening his fidgetty walk almost into a run, and wrought up into a state of mind when he actually dares to have an opinion of his own adverse to that expressed by his niece. "Would a man in his right senses have kept his wife's—my poor sister's—picture with its face turned to the wall for twenty years, and then left it to me, saying that he hoped I should get more satisfaction out of it than he had ever got out of the original? Would a man in his right senses have done that?"

But Gillian only gives a dogged shake with her blonde head.

"He was no more out of his senses than I am," she repeats.

"Well, well, we will see about that—we will see about that," rejoins the Squire, evasively; even now—so strong is habit—not daring to persist in overt contradiction of her whose yea has been his yea and her nay his nay for six submissive years. "We will have the best legal opinion without an hour's delay. Blank is our man, Saunders says; he is the family solicitor. "He, Saunders, has already written to ask him to appoint an hour for a consultation."

There is a slight pause. Gillian is looking absently down at her own nicely pointed foot, and sliding it softly to and fro along the fender-top.

"After all," she says, slowly and without looking up, "I suppose that he had a right to do as he liked with his own; to leave his money to whom, and shackled with what conditions he chose. It is not"—speaking with a heavy emphasis, and lifting her eyes, darkened by an expression of profound resentment—"it is not *him* that I blame!"

"I never was so deceived in a fellow in my life," says the Squire, ruefully. "I thought I knew an honest man when I saw him. He had an honest eye, not afraid to look you in the face; he gave you a good, honest hand-grip when he shook hands with you. I wish"—taking one of his own broad hands out of his pocket, and repentantly surveying it—"I wish I had not shaken hands with him."

"You know, dear," says Gillian, in a caressing voice that still conveys a very distinct reproach in it—an unmistakably told-you-so voice—"you know that, from the first moment I saw him, I told you that he had a bad countenance; you pooh-poohed me as prejudiced. I am sure I do not want to say anything that will make you feel more unhappy than you do already; but I leave you to judge whether the result has justified me."

"It has—it has!" replies her uncle, remorsefully. "I am sure, Gill," with a humble little attempt at self defense, "it is not often that I set up my opinion against yours; generally what you say, I swear to."

"I am sure, dear," rejoins the girl, laying her white hand on his shoulder with the protecting action of a stooping angel, "that I have no wish to bias your opinion in matters in which it is likely to be more valuable than my own; but I think that in matters of instinct, if you would allow yourself to be guided by me, you might make fewer mistakes."

"I will—I will!" in a tone of almost tearful contrition; then, with a sudden wondering return to his original text, "I cannot take it in yet! I never was so deceived in a fellow in my life!"

"Another pause. Gillian has by this time sunk into an arm-chair, and now lies there meditatively, with her elbows resting on the arms, and the tips of her fingers lightly joined together.

"If they give it against us," she resumes, presently, with a slight shrug—"I have a presentiment that they will—why, we must just return to our old ways. I am not proud, dear; I am not above being beholden to you for food and lodging. I think"—looking up into his face with an affectionate but self-confident smile—"I think that I am worth my keep to you."

"I should rather think you were!" cries he, with emphasis. "I cannot tell you how many times since you have been gone I have caught myself saying, 'I will tell Gill,' 'I will ask Gill,' before I could pull myself up and remember that there was no Gill to ask."

"There will always be a Gill to ask for the future," replies she, smiling.

"I am sure you do not want to complain of the change," he goes on, wrinkling up his disturbed eyebrows, and staring down at the Persian rug at his feet, with an air of perplexed discomfort. "I suppose they are much like other people's; but it seems to me that, since you went, some of them are a bit inclined to kick over the traces."

"Which of them?" asks the girl, sharply, sitting upright in her chair, and quickly abandoning her pensive attitude; "Jane, I am sure!"

"I have no complaint to make of Jane," he continues, irresolutely; "she is a fine, spirited girl; and I suppose I forgot how time flies. I have always been in the habit of thinking of her as such a complete child."

"And so she is!" cries Gillian, with some warmth, "only fifteen last August!"

"She gave me quite a shock the other day; she has had such a grown-up look of late. I do not know what she has done to herself? What can she have done to herself?' appealing, with a puzzled air, to his niece; but Gillian is biting her lips, and keeps a vexed silence.

"She has been teasing me out of my life," pursues the Squire, resuming his fussy constitutional up-and-down the carpet, "to send away Fraulein Schwarz. She says she is past the age you were when you left the school room."

"There is not the slightest parallel between the cases," cries Gillian, angrily, and reddening.

"She says," continues the Squire, docilely repeating his lesson, "that she is sure that she has learned all that Fraulein Schwartz can teach her, and that she could devote herself so much more to me if her time were freer."

"Of course you told her to hold her tongue, and go back to her lesson-books," says Gillian, irefully, fixing a commanding eye upon her interlocutor.

"Of course—of course," very hastily; then looking rather sheepish, and beginning to flounder, "at least I do not exactly remember what I said—one does not remember these trifles with an accuracy. She means well, poor girl," glancing with a deprecatory air at the severe young figure in the elbow chair; "I am sure she means well—she says she wants to be my right hand."

"In fact, dear," rejoins Gillian, with a little scornful laugh, "she has managed to get very completely on your blind side! But do not worry yourself; all this will right itself when I come home. We will see," shaking her head with a determined jesture, and passing her arm with familiar fondness through his, as she joins in his tramp, tramp—"we will see who will be right hand then."

* * * * * * *

By-and-by their colloquy comes to a close. The Squire goes out to his club, and Gillian remains alone, plunged in the soft depths of the short legged arm-chair, in which she has, during the last month, spent so many solitary hours. The lamp burns beside her, but its light does not tempt her to any employment. But, if her hands are idle, so is not her brain. It is working and seething with a hundred wrathy, vengeful thoughts. Sometimes her lips move, as she repeats to herself, almost aloud, the murderously cutting home-truths which she is composing, in order to address, at some opportunity or opportunities unknown, to the sordid schemer who has defrauded her of her birthright. They are not finished at all too soon. In fact, the occasion for using them is much nigher at hand than she thinks. She is just in the act of mentally polishing and giving a finer edge to a last one that, as she complacently thinks, bids fair to excel in corrosive bitterness all its predecessors, when the entrance of a servant—no charwoman this time, but the Squire's own man—calls her back to present life.

"Dr. Burnet wishes to speak to you, ma'am."

Here, then, is the opportunity for which she has been arming herself with gun and sharp sword through the last busy hour. And this is how she meets it:

"Tell him I am engaged," she says, hurriedly.

"He says he must speak to you at once, ma'am—that it is on most urgent business."

She has risen to her feet. At such a crisis, who could remain seated?

"Tell him," she says, in a voice that, though low and trembling is yet inexpressibly haughty, "that I decline to receive him!"

"But you *will*—but you SHALL—but you MUST!" cries another voice, in tones how different from the unemotional ones of the placid valet! and, as he speaks, Burnet pushes hastily past his messenger into the room, and, thrusting him out with scant ceremony, shuts the door and confronts her.

"Do you dare to force yourself upon me in the face of my distrust and refusal to see you?" she says, pantingly, flaming out into crimson anger.

"I do!" he answers; "whether you like it or not, I *will* be heard! You *shall* hear me!"

Her only answer is to move hurriedly toward the door; but, before she can reach it, he has put his back against it. His face, ordinarily set in so professional a calm, is as white as ashes; his usually quiet, shrewd eyes burn like fire.

"It is no use," he says, in a low voice. "Why you should wish not to hear me, I do not know; but, whether you wish it or not, you SHALL!"

There is such an absolute iron certainty in his look and voice that she stops short, quelled, in spite of herself.

"You know," he says, "of course you know that I have come to speak to you about this—this—" he hesitates, as if seeking an adjective strenuous enough; but, finding none to his mind, ends by employing none—this WILL."

"Of course!"

It would be difficult for any one to infuse into two short words a more potent compound of sarcasm and ice than Gillian succeeds in doing into these.

"You know its contents?"

"Yes!"

The "Yes" is even better of its kind than the "Of course," and so she feels with some satisfaction.

"That, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, Mr. Latimer has left his whole property in land, money, houses, etc., to you, on the condition that, on attaining your twenty first birthday, you give your hand in marriage to me!"

It is impossible for her lips to give verbal assent to such a proposition as this. It is degradation enough to have to acknowledge, even as she does it, by the most microscopic movement of eyelid and head that their two names have ever been bracketed together by any one.

"With the penalty attached, that, if you fail to fulfil this condition, the entire property goes to me!"

He speaks very rapidly, as if the words were indescribably disagreeable to him, and he were trying to get them over as quickly as he may. He is answered by another inclination of the head; if possible, more imperceptible than the former one.

"If, on the other hand," he goes on rapidly, "I decline to marry you, (an expression of unspeakable insolence, a sort of "That is so likely!" look, steals over her face—he does not give one the idea of being short-sighted, and he had need to be short-sighted, indeed, not to see it,) "the whole goes to you, without further restriction, to dispose of absolutely as you choose!"

She makes no comment beyond that slight insulting smile.

He has left his guardianship of the door, and has come a pace or two nearer to her.

"Of course you will do me the justice to acknowledge that this has come upon me with as great a shock as it could on you?"

Then at last she speaks.

"You must excuse me," she says, slowly, "but I decline to answer that question!"

"You *must* know," coming several steps nearer to her, and looking hard at her, as if he distrusted the evidence of his own eyes and ears—"you *must* know that I was as ignorant of the disposition of his money-affairs as you could be."

But again that obstinate, pregnant silence and that maddening smile are his only answer.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

OHIO will indorse GARFIELD by at least 30,000 majority.

THE New York *Sun* is betrayed into quite an eloquent panegyric of Gen. ARTHUR.

EVERY archæological need'll be satisfied by the reception of that one obelisk in New York.

THE Democrats abandon all hope of being able to elect the Senator from New York next Winter.

THE increased taxation entailed by the Franco Prussian war upon France, it is said, will be wiped out in three years.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S law partners are beginning to die off. They will probably keep it up as long as WASHINGTON'S body servants.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* says that the Democracy of that State never before had such a load to carry as they will find ENGLISH to be.

BOSTON *Commercial Bulletin:* The time of life when the young man's mind turns fondly to dress is unpleasantly called the garbage.

DEMOCRATIC papers that understand their business omit the flattering crop reports from their columns. These are the best kind of Republican documents.

THE Powers give the Sultan three long weeks in which to make up his mind. The material is so thin and fragile that the work can not be done hurriedly.

STILL the statue of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON has no permanent abiding place, although the Queen has now offered a site in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which offer will probably be accepted.

GEN. GRANT thinks the soldiers should vote for GARFIELD; the Democrats that they should support HANCOCK. GRANT'S conceptions of soldierly duty are, as usual, much superior to those of the Democrats.

ACCORDING to the report of the Captain of the steamer "Stonington" there was some reckless running upon the Sound that night. He stated that the rate of speed even in the dense fog prevailing was that usual in fair weather.

THE sad story comes from Massachusetts of a poor woman who took the dead body of her child to lay it beside her other children, and had not money enough to pay the expense of taking it to the cemetery, so she took the coffin upon her own shoulder to carry it to its last resting place.

GEN. B. J. CHAMBERS, of Texas, who is running for Vice President on the Greenback ticket, says he must withdraw from the race on account of ill-health. When one considers how little of a run the Greenback candidates will make this Fall, physical condition does not seem to be of much importance.

PEOPLE summering down on Long Island cannot have a very pleasant time bathing. Shoals of sharks are reported in the Sound, and even coming up so as to make it dangerous to go in from the City docks. They are thought to be attracted by the swill and offal thrown into the Bay by the Police.

LAST Saturday evening the women in Richmond County, N. Y., first exercised their right of voting at a school meeting. Quite a large number attended and a New York paper reports that they voted as quietly and in as good order as the men. Did the correspondent imagine that there would be any clawing and fisting done?

A LADY out in Fargo who has known Dr. TANNER for years, says that the reason his wife got a divorce from him, was because he was determined not only to starve himself, but that she should live without eating too. Nobody can blame Mrs. TANNER. She had ample reason for taking such a step. A man may have a right to try experiments upon himself, but when it comes to starving his other half, she should appeal to the law in self defense.

THE dire prophecies of disaster and ruin to the people of this world and perhaps the total destruction of the earth, seems in a fair way to be realized. Never before were there so many accidents involving a loss of human life upon the water, to say nothing of those upon the land. Earthquakes, pestilence and famine are doing their work well. Truly if these are the effects of several planets conjuncting, this little one would like to be excused from being around during the process.

THE Southern plantation lords knew their man when they put ENGLISH on the ticket. He is as abject and servile a tool as they could wish. Here is an abstract from a speech delivered by him in 1856:

> The lowest and most Godforsaken, nigger-stealing Abolitionists are to be found in Indiana, doing battle against the National Democracy, side by side with the leaders of the Black Republican party; and, I am sorry to add, of the Know-Nothing party also. If a slave escapes into Indiana, we give him promptly up to his master. * * * There was a clause in the Missouri Compromise restricting slavery forever. It was generally conceded that the term forever was not to be taken in its literal sense—that it only meant during the existence of the Territorial Government.

GEO. TICKNOR CURTIS, who has been writing some rather absurd articles in the *North American Review*, entitled "MCCLELLAN'S last service to the Republic," makes the claim that only MCCLELLAN'S magnanimity prevented a wide spread revolt in the Army of the Potomac when he was removed. He says:

> The moment was critical. One word, one look of encouragement, the lifting of a finger, would have been the signal for revolt against lawful authority, the consequences of which no man can measure.

This is an entire confirmation—by one of MCCLELLAN'S most earnest supporters, of the essential facts of the alleged plot of PORTER, HANCOCK, BALDY SMITH, FRANKLIN, and others of the McClellan clique of West Pointers to make a *coup d' etat*, to overthrow the Republican administration and restore the Democratic *regime*. The only trouble was that when it came to the crisis MCCLELLAN lacked, as he always did at crises, the nerve, and the conspiracy was abortive.

AN OUTRAGEOUS FORGERY.

The Democrats have opened their season of campaign lying with a boldness that reaches desperation. They have not hesitated even to forge a decision of the Supreme Court and put into the mouth of Associate Justice SWAYNE words that he never used, and would not have used. A dispatch which appeared in the New York *World*, and has been copied into every Democratic paper reads as follows:

> WASHINGTON, July 18.—A decision rendered in 1875 by Justice Swayne, of the United States Supreme Court, has been called into prominence by the fact that it settles the question of Gen. Garfield's position in the De Golyer matter beyond a doubt, and exposes the weakness and absurdity of the arguments employed by his adherents in the vain hope of purifying his record upon the $5,000 fee matter. The case in which this opinion of Justice Swayne was rendered was that of Chittenden against McClellan and others. It was tried in Cook County, Ill., in May, 1875, and was decided on appeal in October, 1879, in the United States Supreme Court. It may be said that Justice Swayne is a thorough Republican and an Ohio man. The Supreme Court opinion was delivered in the case of Burke against Child, the case of Chittenden against McClellan being submitted on the arguments and briefs filed in the former suit. Justice Swayne says:
>
> "The agreement with Gen. Garfield, a member of Congress, to pay him $5,000 as a contingent fee for procuring a contract which was itself made to depend upon a future appropriation by Congress—which appropriation could only come from a committee of which he was Chairman—was a sale of official influence, which no veil can cover, against the plainest principles of public policy. No counsellor at law while holding high office has a right to put himself in a position of temptation, and under pretense of making a legal argument exert his official influence upon public officers dependent upon his future action. Certainly the courts of justice will never lend themselves to enforce contracts obtained by such influence."

There are three deliberate falsehoods in this. The first is that the DeGolyer case ever came before the Supreme Court. The second that Justice SWAYNE used such language concerning it, and the third that he could or did—at any time or place—say or imply anything against Gen. GARFIELD that could be tortured into the meaning of the above extract. As to the falsity of part of the statement we have the direct testimony of ex Senator J. R. DOOLITTLE, whose Democracy is now unquestioned. In a card in yesterday's Chicago *Times* he says:

> A serious error has been made by some newspapers in supposing that the *De Golyer case even went to the Supreme Court*, or that Justice Swayne *used the language attributed to him in commenting upon it.*
>
> In the brief submitted to Judge Farwell in the Circuit Court here another case, Burke vs. Child, decided in the Supreme Court, was cited, and Justice Swayne's opinion stated.
>
> But the mistake has been this: That a part of the language of the brief which follows the citation of the case of Burke vs. Child is attributed to Justice Swayne—*language which he never used; for the case was never before him.* As I was the counsel who submitted the brief, it is just to Gen. Garfield, to Justice Swayne and to myself, that I should at once correct this mistake. J. R. DOOLITTLE.

So astounding a forgery as this is rare even in the history of Democratic iniquities. It can not be explained away as a mistake, because there is too much evidence of deliberate manufacture to allow this excuse for a minute. An examination of the forged decision—line by line—will show at once the impudence of the fabricator and his clumsiness. Each separate line has its special falsehood, which betrays itself.

The people who are guilty of this malignant forgery are the ones who are crying out most loudly against "a campaign of slander."

MOB FORCE IN POLITICS.

It is noticeable that thus far in the campaign, all Republicans speakers pay tribute to the personal character of Gen. HANCOCK. This is both just and right. As an officer of the regular army of the United States whatever distinction or credit he has earned is due largely to his individual force and ability. But the moment he enters politics, all that is changed. The force of his own character becomes a secondary matter. In the military service of the United States, the General commands the army, in the service of the Democratic party, the army commands the General. In the present case, we shall have a striking illustration of this principle. Gen. HANCOCK is not, nor ever has been a personal power in politics, or in statemanship. His whole life has been spent in the receiving and executing of orders. As a wheel of the vast machine known as the regular army he has been as little concerned in the affairs of State as a schoolboy. Would that the same thing might be said of his followers, and those who are to-day supporting him with the hope of political and pecuniary reward!

The Democratic party of the current campaign is composed of four principal and incongruous elements. The first of these is the Southern Democrat who endorses the nomination of HANCOCK as the only possible way to evade the results of the war, and to secure pecuniary and exemplary damages for the losses of the rebellion; the Northern Democrat who is prepared to consent to the demands of his Southern colleague as a means of attaining political power; an irregular faction latterly attached to the Democratic party, and representing the various phases of the "Greenback" craze; and lastly an insignificant number of so-called Republicans, actuated by personal grievances or the hope of possible share in any future distribution of spoils. These elements constitute the mob force in politics, and it is by this force that the future policy of the party will be shaped, (or rather misshaped,) should it be unfortunate enough to make its way into power.

We cannot reiterate too strongly one important fact that continually presents itself in the current campaign. The Democratic party, so far as the events of the past 20 years are concerned, is not a party of record. Its participation in all that has gone to make up the political history of the the country has been vague, shadowy and unsubstantial. It has been the party of the opposition, the party of obstruction. No one can point to any united or harmonious act by the party as such since the close of the rebellion, excepting always its negative resistance to the administration. The people are asked to form their judgment and estimate of its future entirely by the course of its individual members, supplemented by the declaration of principles enunciated at Cincinnati. Should the Democratic party come into power in November, whatever sectional interest is most active and bitter will be the dominant one in the management of the administration and the distribution of the spoils. Should Gen. HANCOCK be elected it will not be the Democratic party, but the irresponsible, incongruous elements which compose it, that will assume the reins of government. With these forces raw and undisciplined though they may be, Gen. HANCOCK is in no condition to cope. As has always been the case heretofore, the unscrupulous clamor of the claim holder, the office seeker and the man who has a personal ax to be ground, will be too much for the better element of the party. The Southern Democrat, chief in this unorganized mass, holds the key to the Democratic situation, and he will not be slow to avail himself of it should his party come into power in March.

SEC. SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

The speech of Sec. SCHURZ at Indianapolis on the 20th, was a candid, dispassionate effort, and will afford excellent reading for the thinking voter irrespective of party. The first part of the speech was a review of the administration of Pres. HAYES, in which the speaker declared that its achievements would stand unquestioned in history by all fair minded men. In passing to the Democratic party and its record and proclivities, the Secretary avowed that it labored under historic as well as constitutional difficulties. The history of that party showed that it had been utterly incapable of understanding or appreciating, not only the immediate requirements of the times, but facts that had been virtually accomplished, while its greatest efforts were directed after the close of the rebellion to obstructing the very acts which it was afterward compelled to acknowledge as good. In the present campaign it has set aside all its Statesmen of known and settled opinions to nominate for the Presidency a General in the regular army, who has never been anything else than a professional soldier. They present to the people as their candidate a man who is utterly devoid of Statesmanship at a time when the management of affairs and the future policy of the Government demand the most thoughtful attention, the most earnest care. Personally and negatively, Gen. Hancock is unobjectionable, but behind him and behind the Northern Democrats of Statesmanlike instincts, stand the restless and ambitious politicians who for twenty years have been boxing the compass to find principle, policy or prejudice on which they might hoist themselves into power. The elements of the Democratic party, as it is at present constituted, are incongruous and discordant, and whatever may be nominally advocated in the National platform would find local opposition in different parts of the country, especially in the prevalence of a doctrine which makes the views and interests of each individual State subservient to those of the whole Nation beside. Hence in voting for the success of the Democratic party as at present constituted, the people are asked to vote in the dark, to take a gambling chance, with its probabilities largely against them. Whatever the utterances or declarations beforehand, a Democratic victory means simply that the victors will take the spoils.

On the other hand, the Republican party has been steadily engaged in assimilating the diverse elements which had gathered under its banner, and its record shows an even, consistent advancement in sound financial policy and good government. It has nominated as its candidate for President one of the most able exponents of a money system of stable and intrinsic value. The opinions of Gen. GARFIELD on the leading questions of public policy are not opinions made to order in the sudden emergency of a Presidential canvass, but they are the deliberate opinions developed through years of public service and active participation in affairs of State. The Democrats are urging vaguely the argument of a change, but the great question for the people to ask is whether a change under these circumstances is not more likely to result in disaster than benefit. There may come a time when the Democracy will gain the confidence of the people, but in the present situation everything points to the necessity of electing JAMES A. GARFIELD to the Presidency.

ABUSE OF FOOD.

Two things have been demonstrated by Dr. TANNER'S fast, even if it should be carried no farther. The one that there is some subtle force in the human system apart from the vitality derived from the food that assists in maintaining life. What this is, and how far it may be trusted, remains for future scientists to determine.

The other, and a great deal the most important to understand at present, is that people generally eat much more than is necessary to good health. In fact, the greater number of ills that flesh is heir to could be traced to over-eating. Not that all the world is gluttonous, but the good things of this life are so many and so tempting that the mischief is done before danger is suspected. People feel the necessity of resting their heads and their limbs, but when it comes to resting the digestive organs, that is another thing. All the rest of the body and the brain may slumber, but the stomach must still grind on and on indefinitely. No wonder that it sometimes rebels.

What food is taken ought to be of the best quality, and should be cooked in the highest style of the culinary art. Then enough of this should be eaten to nourish the body and no more. Of course the amount varies with the exercise, habits, age and constitution of the individual, but the same amount of attention bestowed upon this as upon other important affairs of life, will soon enable each individual to determine what is necessary and what is worse than superfluous, rather absolutely hurtful.

Among the many instances of fasting, and one that bears out Dr. TANNER'S ideas of it as a cure for disease, was that of an Englishman who was afflicted with chronic dysentery. He consulted a prominent Parisian Doctor finally, who told him that he was being poisoned with food and medicine when he should really touch neither. He ordered him to be immersed to his shoulders in calf's foot jelly for several hours every day. This was continued 30 or 40 days, the patient not taking any food meanwhile. A complete cure was thus effected. This is vouched for as true by responsible parties

GEN. MEREDITH READ, who has made himself perfectly familiar with the condition of Greece, says in answer to the criticisms upon her lack of energy and enterprise, that she has never had the area to develop her resources, and that Turkish obstinacy, prejudice and hate have blocked the way to any progress wherever it has been possible to do so. He says that if the decisions of the Berlin Conference are carried into effect the world will see what Greece will do for her future.

GETTYSBURG.

An Old Veteran's Opinion as to Where Credit Belongs.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see by an article in the last issue of the BLADE entitled "Who chose Gettysburg?" that you made one mistake, and that is in giving the command of the Second Corps to Gen. J. F. Reynolds. I will give you my views in regard to the battle of Gettysburg.

Gen. Reynolds commanded the First Corps, which, with the Eleventh Corps, under Gen. Howard, had the advance on the march to Gettysburg. At the opening of the fight, on July 1st, Gen. Reynolds was killed. We then fought the whole Rebel army with the First and Eleventh, Corps until repulsed and driven back. The command was now under Gen. Howard, who established the line on Cemetery Ridge, where the fight was carried on two days more. The Second Corps did not get up until the second day.

I think the credit belongs to Gen. Howard more than to any other one man for the location of the line after the first day. Now, Mr. Editor, you look up a little more history, and see if I am not about right. Yours truly,

G. W. MATHER First Corps.

East Elba, N. Y., July 14.

Our correspondent is quite right. It was a slip of the editorial pen that made us give Gen. Reynolds the Second instead of the First Corps.—ED.

What he Thinks About the "File."

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

Don't kill any more of the "File," please, and bring Karl back to life again, if you possibly can. Your history is the best I have ever read. You have struck the key note. A history from the standpoint of a private soldier. I have seen the lines of gray, have heard the hoarse shriek of shells, the sharp tang of the musket balls, the peculiar Rebel yell, and the cheers of the boys in blue. I have been in at the death, when line after line have bowed before the terrible onslaught, and stood up in our rear an exceeding large army of prisoners. I, too, have seen the inside of Rebel prison pens But I did not intend to write all this when I began. I only wanted to say that from a private's standpoint you give the true inwardness of those terrible battles, such as I never read before, and since the war I have read a great deal of history, both in our own and foreign land, and yours is the best.

Could you not give us a history of the entire war? I believe that now is the time, and you are the man to do it, if you think so.

Pardon me for trespassing on your time with these few hurried words, snatched from the moments of a busy day, but at the same time coming from a full heart.

I remain, yours very respectfully,

GEO. W. MCCLELLAND,
Late Private Battery D, 1st W. Arty.

For the Toledo Blade.

An Open Letter to Gen. Pearson.

DEAR SIR:—I have seen with deep regret your letters, announcing over your own signature the fact of your desertion to the enemy *under fire*. If you were an ignorant man there might be some excuse for you, but in olden times even that class of men were shot on their coffins or drummed through the regiment to the tune of the "Rogue's March," for the same crime, but as the country is now under martial law, we can only hold them up as *traitors* to the merited contempt of both armies. This is done very effectually. See the case of Curtin, the great War Governor, of Pennsylvania. He was the first prominent deserter from the Union colors and the consequence is that instead of his name being to-day an object of veneration to the blue and gray, he is in the position of Benedict Arnold, despised by the blue and barely tolerated by the gray. As witness, the vote in the House on his recent election contest.

I do not regret your action on account of its effect on the party. You have only one vote, and the poorest negro has that. And the desertion of a man in the face of the enemy is always a benefit to the ranks he leaves. It is better to have an open enemy than a treacherous friend. Even Gov. Curtin, prominent as he was, failed to injure the party by his desertion. He could not carry his State, or even his Congressional District, and there is nothing to show that he changed even a single vote besides his own, and his hope of personal advancement has turned to personal contempt. Your reward will be the same. You may seek to justify your desertion by the plea that times have changed, but you cannot blind a single one of the old line of blue who band their breasts to the storm of iron hail along the Mason and Dixon line in 1861 with that plea. There is no change in principles. We are fighting with the ballot to-day the same old line of grey we fought with the musket nine'een years ago, and the battle is just as deadly now as then. The substitution of the Jack-in-the-box, of an incarnation of West Point aristocracy, for the Palmetto copperhead serpent does not change the virulence of the poison; nor does it deceive any thinking man of the boys in blue. They are not in favor of paying Southern war claims. They are not in favor of pensioning Southern soldiers. Nor are they in favor of tamely surrendering to the Hamptons, Butlers, Hills and Toombs of the South to-day by the ballot what they shed their best blood then to wrest from them by the sword. They will meet a solid rebellious South, of States, where there is not and cannot be any ballot by a solid North of States where law is respected and the ballot is free. And traitors like you will be handed down to posterity as they deserve, with the contempt alike of the loyal comrades they have willfully deserted and the traitorous ones whose cause they have espoused. With these remarks from one who was a private in the ranks you once disgraced, I leave the disagreeable subject to the verdict of the future.

E. S. WHITTIER.

Evanston, Wyo., July 16, 1880.

CAMPAIGN LYING.

The Way the Democrats are Beginning their Falsification.

To the Editor of the New York Times.

On the 8th inst. the Third Army Corps held their annual reunion at Cape May, N. J. A *Herald* reporter was present, and that evening telegraphed to his paper as follows: "Most of the officers fought under Hancock, and out of 70 who sat down to supper, over 50 expressed themselves privately in favor of the Democratic candidate for President." From the fact that all questions of politics are rigidly excluded from among us at our annual gatherings, this statement naturally excited a good deal of indignation, especially as it was known to be very wide of the truth, and next day a canvass was quietly instituted, with the result of showing that there were just *four* of us and no more, who would vote for Hancock. I have been trying ever since, over my own signature to induce the *Herald* to correct this misstatement, but thus far without success. And now as the lie has got a good start, will you, in justice to the Third Corps officers, please start the truth after it.

THOMAS RAFFERTY,
Late Lieut-Colonel Seventy-first New York Volunteers, Third Army Corps.

His Financial Policy.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Gen. Hancock has definitely defined his position on the currency question. He says he is in favor of an echelon bond, left in front, the right a little refused, strongly supported on the left and center by Napoleon 12 pounders, and the flanks protected by heavy pieces, *en barbette*, and casemate guns, to be intro convertible with issue of the new Spring field pattern, breech loading spade bayonet, receivable for all commutations for ration and forage, at the option of the Paymaster General.

AROUND CAPE HORN.

Six Months on Blue Water.

A Very Old-Fashioned Experience.

A Lady's Log of a Trip in a Sailing Vessel from New York to San Francisco—One Hundred and Sixty-Five Days of Winds, Storms and Calms.

PART X.

October 24th, Lat. 55 deg. 47 min. S.; Long. 71 deg. 38 min. W.

Last evening after supper we adjourned as usual to the deck. There was no wind and we were rocking as tranquilly and lazily as if we were on the equator. The water looked dark and murky and the sky presented a deep and billlowy appearance, alternate waves of dark blue and grey pressing one upon the other. Around the horizon were the faint, shadowy outlines of those bird-haunted snow capped mountains. Distance lent its wonted illusion to a scene which proximity, like its twin brother familiarity would have destroyed. One solitary cape pigeon and one particularly lovely gull rested on the water in our wake. We hung over the rail watching the latter with covetous eyes. From coveting it was only one step to taking measures to possess him, and ere long we (I say "we," for do I not aid and abet by my unarmed neutrality?) had hauled a much astonished, wildly resisting captive over the stern. Poor thing! he was forced to pay a heavy penalty for his voracity, while our cupidity was rewarded by a pair of wings which we are going to make a great effort to preserve. They are a very handsome soft silvery gray. The bird measured three feet from tip to tip, and was the first specimen of the kind we have caught, as we have found them heretofore much more shy than the pigeons.

This morning at an early hour we spoke the American iron bark "Isaac C. Hall," of New York. At 7 o'clock the wind was fair and we were making nine knots, our vessel slipping through the water with no visible motion, but before breakfast was over a small sized gale had got under headway, accompanied by rain. We "lookers on in Vienna," betook ourselves to the forward companionway, that we might view the main deck, and entertain ourselves by watching the officers and men, clad in a heterogeneous assortment of water proof toggery, and standing at an angle of forty-five degrees from the perpendicular or grasping at the braces, climbing the rattlings and taking in sail. It was not necessary to put one's head outside in order to hear the awful roaring and seething, as if the whole crew of fates and furies were boiling a cauldron. So awe inspiring was the seeming rage of the elements that it quite dwarfed the confusion prevailing in the cabin. Rapidly succeeding bulletins were issued by the victims as they reluctantly parted company with their breakfasts, while the steward, calloused as his office may have rendered him, exhibited symptoms of distress when, for want of proper care, the lid of one of his store room lockers fell with a crash, distinctly visible amidst the roar of the storm, and in its downward career, hit the faucet of the molasses tank in such a manner as to turn it, thus causing that sacharine fluid to overflow and waste its sweetness on the unappreciating floors. Then was the air rent with feminine shrieks for water, for the Captain, for the steward. In the meantime the fury of the gale increases, and the frequent shipping of seas makes it necessary to batten down all the windows on the weather side, which leaves us in a state of semi-darkness, the dreariness of which is, as you may imagine, doubly augmented by the solemn, if not threatening anthem sung by the unseen choir without. As the dining table and settees are nailed to the floor, with a substantial piece of wood also fastened to the floor, underneath the table, against which we can brace our feet, we workers, readers and writers congregate about this comparatively safe piece of furniture, and with a reasonable degree of certainty that the seats are not going to slip out from under us.

October 25.—The "clerk of the weather" treated us to a variety of samples from his repertory yesterday, in sunshine, gales of wind, rains, squalls, hurricanes, breezes playing bo peep from every point of the compass. Then, as if exhausted, he topped off with a calm. This morning there is not a vestage of yesterday's commotion. We are not sailing over two knots, the sky and water are competing for supremacy in the matter of blueness, and the sun diffuses a grateful warmth. But the birds, how shall I describe the slaughter, their greed, the voracious manner in which they contest each other's claims to the bit of pork on the hook? Actually no convention of old setting hens could cackle and scold more energetically. The chorus of laughter that greeted each new ornithological feat of gymnastics, the screams of dismay at the inevitable entanglement of lines, the shouts of the victorious fishers for the Mate or disengaged Quartermaster to fly to the rescue and bear off the prize to the main deck, where the poor creatures suffer capital punishment (hanging is cleaner than beheading), and, indeed, it baffles description, so I shall leave it to your imagination and confine myself to plain facts. In the course of an hour and a half, a dozen feathered beauties were sent to join the large majority. G. caught five silver gulls, and two Cape pigeons considering himself in consequence the champion fisherman of the day, but there was a temporary cessation of hostilities when a great guerney, with one full swoop gobbled up and carried off hook, bait, cork and a few yards of precious silk. Indeed when I gaze upon my rapidly diminishing dollar and a quarter spool of sewing silk, I wonder how much longer the huntsman proposes remaining on the war-path and if the little remnant which is still left will hold out against the manifold vicissitudes of guerneys, rudder chains, spanker booms etc., besides the natural wear and tear incident to fishing lines. There is a strong family resemblance between guerneys. Peculiar to the whole species is a pair of superb wings, which have the sheen of the richest of brown Lyons velvet, but their great red, webbed feet have a cold look as if they had hurried cut and forgotten their socks. The Pacific geese are becoming more numerous. I am convinced that on closer acquaintance they would prove to be tinckly clothed in lovely, rich, brown feathers, but if such is the case distance does not—as is popularly supposed—lend enchantment to the view, for they present the appearance of having been cut out of a very venerable buffalo-robe. But their eyes, after all, are their strong point, a dark pupil floating in a field of white. They possess a large, strong, hooked beak, and their manner of *hovering*, as it were, and looking intently at the water with deep speculation in those rolling orbs, and in that craning neck forms an *ensemble* striking, to say the least of it. Since noon, and between showers G. has caught five birds. A bark is in sight. Daylight begins at half past two, the sun rises at half past four, and sets at seven, and it is twilight until half past nine

October 26th.—Three whales were alongside yesterday afternoon and by an extraordinary feat of agility we reached the deck in time to obtain a pretty good view of them. You see that if a whale makes up his mind to reach a certain distaint point in as short a space of time as possible you will see him "blow" for which he must come to the surface, about three times before he disappears in the far distant horizon, from which you may judge something of the rapidity of his progress. Wind fair, weather calm and cold, but as we are in equally latitude we need not expect a continuance of the present appearance. Another pig was slaughtered yesterday and we are all luxuriating in fresh meat, but I observe that we suffer from headache afterwards. It is probably owing to over indulgence after weeks of abstinence from fresh meat. By bad management some 50 pounds of it went to the forecastle, consequently there was great wailing amongst the Governmental heads, consternation in the galley and an anticipated raid on the medicine chest before morning.

Amongst sailors there is occasionally one who is sure to be siezed with "horn fever" just as soon as he reaches the neighborhood of latitude 55:47. A specimen of that class belongs to our crew. The Captain pursues the heroic method of treatment with them, for this particular fever patient he prescribed—and made sure of the administering—of a large dose of calomel and jalap and ordered him kept on a gruel diet. The treatment proved very efficacious and brought the fellow on deck in short order. This man Pierson is a notorious shirker, and not at all the "able seaman" for which he shipped, consequently, when he comes slouching along at the tail end of his watch, he is the identical person that the Mate pounces upon, to go aloft, or perform some particularly hard duty. Violent imprecations and innumerable dire threats being heard issuing from our first mate, one day, brought us in a body to the deck to examine into the cause of this unusual display of temper. The cause was obvious at the first glance but to this minute I haven't got over my wonderment that Mr. H didn't split his sides with laughter instead of becoming so enraged.

Pierson was half way up the spanker mast where the rattlings leave off. From there he was vainly essaying to climb the rest of the distance as a boy does a tree, instead of "shinning up" the ropes in proper sailor fashion. As the spanker mast is slusned every week, it was as good as a Fourth of July exhibition of climbing a greased pole. Undoubtedly the fellow was as frightened as his laziness would permit him to be; frightened at the fierce earnestness with which he was promised a flogging; that he should be docked half his wages, and that his rations should be cut down, but far more scared with the idea of being forced up those dreadful braces. So while Mr. H. scolded, Pierson cast his eye up, up to the gilt ball at the dizzy summit of the mast, then below at that personification of wrath, when in utter desperation he would again hug that greasy, slippery spar, only to slip square down onto his feet. Finally he had to descend amongst his grinning comrades, one of whom took his place and in a few moments was peeping down at us with a countenance as complacent as though he stood on terra firma.

The champion fisherman caught three pigeons this afternoon, but retribution followed fast on his fracture of the Sabbath, for that much enduring line became hopelessly entangled in the rudder chains, where it now dangles, to point a moral and adorn a tale.

Oct. 27.—Wind dead ahead, weather colder than at any time heretofore, vessel rolling heavily, rain squalls and a light fall of snow. Night too rough for much sleeping, and another accident to the molasses tank. We early risers found about two gallons of it on the store room floor and the fluid still running; tiny rivulets percolated underneath the partition and meandered sweetly around my state room floor.

Oct. 28th, Lat. 56 deg., 40 min.—The "Ocean King" has not been behaving well for the last 36 or 48 hours. I think he has forgotten himself, laid down his scepter and gone on a spree. We are quite worn out with his unseemly antics. Rest is out of the question. When we sit, we are kept swaying hither and thither in spite of our efforts to the contrary, and when it becomes necessary to stand or move about we are in imminent danger of having our arms torn out of their sockets through frantic clutching at partition door knobs or any available object which presents itself. So far no one has grabbed the stove, which is somewhat surprising considering the very limited time given us in which to exercise our judgment as to proper and reliable things to hold out. When we wish to warm our feet we sit flat on the floor, brace our feet against the stove and cling to the screen, which is hooked behind it too keep the wood-work from being scorched—otherwise one should be completely at the mercy of every roll of the ship, and wear out the back breadths of our skirts sliding between the stove and partition. The Captain looks the most comical in this humble attitude, but no doubt he awards the palm to some one else. It is not to be supposed that the act is replete with grace, no matter who attempts it. It was squally all through the night, and taking a good-night peep out the companionway door would be calculated to inspire the most caloused with a feeling of keen commiseration for the poor sailors. The rain was cold and cutting and the decks slippery with water; we usually carry 26 sails, but last night the wind blew so violently that all but four of them were taken in, so that we appeared to be scudding under bare poles. It looked bleak, naked and cheerless enough, I assure you. The ship rolled from side to side, sometimes "bucking" like a horse. To-day, however, the elements have become sufficiently tranquil to permit of fishing. Our sportsmen turn up their noses at small fry, now that the large birds have become more numerous. So they are trailing a line about the size of a young bed-cord with which they hope to catch guernsey. We are sailing a little too fast for that, but they afford a great deal of amusement. The huge birds, not one of which measures less than seven feet from tip to tip, hover about and coquet with the bait in the most tantalizing manner. Occasionally, with much swaying of backs and sprawling of ruddy feet, they alight and nibble cautiously or dive after it, protesting loudly all the time at the efforts, though futile, of the gulls and pigeons. The Captain did catch one fairly and squarely in the bill, the creature flew up, its bill wide open, with the hook deeply imbedded in the upper part of it, the captor at one end of the line hauling in, the captive at the other flying straight up, high as the remnant of rope would permit, when an eddy of wind came along, and providentially (for the bird) unhooked him as neatly as you would remove a garment from its peg. The sea birds steer themselves with their feet, and the guernseys toes are so huge, flimsy and pink you feel as if you wanted to pinch them. In the neighborhood of the islands we saw large numbers of divers, a bird on the duck order; they go in pairs, have long slim necks, fly very swiftly, with so much motion of the wings that the seem like side-wheelers. I have seen birds on the Maumee River which, owing to certain peculiarities, were called by the juvenile sportsmen thereabout "hell-divers." These birds posses similar attributes and dive as if they would scorn to stop any place short of—China. A slight hailstorm this morning. A ship way off astern; the captain is assured that it looks exactly like the "Sam Watts." JULIET.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Shakespeare's Hancock.

Slightly altered from the Democratic quotation.

"See what a grace is seated on his brow
(Unwrinkled by any line of thought),
Hyperion curls, the front of Jove himself,
(Like Edwin Forrest's or John McCullough's);
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
(Undimmed by any poring upon books),
A combination and a form indeed,
(Which slander says preserves its grace by corsets),
To whom Confederate brigadiers have set their seals,
And given the country assurance he will suit their purpose;
Good to look at, and a brave soldier,
But not much of a man for President."

West Pointism.

Chicago Tribune.

"Too many collops," "too many frills" "too big a head,"—that's what the boys in blue used to say of Winfield Scott Hancock, the regular army martinet. He forgot that they were n't mere hirelings, or ordinary soldiers, but citizens fighting for their country.

Popular Science.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We should like to hear from such of our readers as have made careful observations of sparrows, what the result of those observations is—whether they demonstrate that that bird is a useful addition to the *avie* of our country or not. There are signs of a reaction in the prejudice which has been growing against the bird for a couple of years. Several close observers have declared that while sparrows are no doubt noisy and quarrelsome among themselves, they have no such superior aggressive and combative powers as enable them to drive out or exterminate even smaller birds to say nothing of larger, and that they dwell in peace with the song-sparrow, snow-bird, wook-pecker, chickadee, creeper, nut hatch, oriole, barn-swallow, etc. This is a question of importance, and we would be glad to have it discussed by careful observers.

THE *Scientific American* recommends for a deep black that will dissove in oils, and leave no sediment when applied to leather, nigrocine dissolved in warm glycerine.

B. Wood has patented an artificial Jamestown weed flower for attracting and poisoning tobacco flies.

Planed and worked wood surfaces should be merely oiled (three times) not painted. Besides having a better appearance, this oil varnish is necessary to prevent cracking and drawing of thin parts like doors and windows. It does not interfere with the gradual drying out of the wood. After the expiration of three to five years the oiling may be replaced by a protecting coat of paint to prevent water from penetrating into the wood work. It should be added that it seems advantageous to mix about one part of dutriated chalk with three parts of the white lead which is used with the special color for all paints. This seems to make the paint adhere better to the wood, as shown by experience.

Cure for the Hydrophobia.

Here is an item which goes the rounds of the press with unfailing regularity. This year it makes its appearance credited to the Albany *Argus:*

> A lady handed a reporter the other day a slip of paper asking him if he would not publish it for the benefit of the public. It was found to be a simple but effective cure for that dog-day terror, hydrophobia. The cure, which great experience has proved to be infallible, is nothing more than the root of a common weed known as elecampane, steeped in milk. Elecampane grows in great profusion along many country roads in this and Rensselaer Counties. It has powerful medical qualities, and milk is well known to be a specific for many poisons. The manner of administering the antidote will be learned by a perusal of the following history of this simple and wonderful cure:
>
> In Chester County, Pennsylvania, lived a German named Joseph Emery, who used to be sent for far and wide when any one had been bitted by a rabid animal. He went to his patient carrying something understood to be a root, which he himself dug in the woods. He milked a pint of milk fresh from the cow, put the root into it, boiled it, gave it to the patient, fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second or third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some way his secret transpired, and the root was known to be elecampane.
>
> The story current in the country, was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn, and applied to the Pennsylvania Legislature for a grant of $360 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that the secret should die with him, but a drunken son knew it, wrote out the recipe, making a number of copies, and tried to sell them at $1 apiece. He only succeeded in selling two, one of these to the man who afterwards made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of his specific that in his neighborhood folks were not afraid of mad dogs. This man never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose was given, and the patient recovered.

This is all pure nonsense. Elecampane (*inula campana*) is a comparatively inert herb, which owes all its popularity among housewives and botanic doctors to its handsome appearance and the warm camphorated taste of its roots. It seems as if it *ought to be* good for something in the medicinal way, and people never cease trying, and praising it up for curing this or that disease. There is nothing that man can suffer from—unless it is an empty pocket-book or a scolding wife—that elecampane has not been recommended as an infallible remedy for, and it is about as certain to deceive those who place their trust in it as the Democratic party is. It has probably no real medicinal virtues, though it is still used to some little extent by physicians in the treatment of chronic lung diseases. It can not do the slightest earthly good in hydrophobia, and it is rank ignorance to claim that it can.

Disease Germs in Water.

Since Dr. Letheby's researches in regard to "Potable Water" awakened general attention to the "liquid damnation" which we are liable to drink even in the vaunted water from the "old oaken bucket" there has been so much investigation of the subject as has much increased our knowledge. The first step was the examination of the condition under which wells and springs become contaminated by proximity to the vaults of out-houses, etc. It was found that though the earth was, as a rule, an excellent filter, and, when there was enough of it, it purified even the filthiest liquids, the trouble was that, like any other filter, it soon becomes foul itself, and in course of years all the earth in the neighborhood of a cesspool became as filthy as itself, and contaminated everything near. Worse than this, the tendency to rifts and fissures in soils led to the formation of direct channels draining into the well from these filthy reservoirs. Of course, the deeper the well, the greater the fall that these drains would have, and the more readily would they be formed. These due through limestone were no better, because of the frequency of rifts in the layers of that stone. Among those who have been investigating the subject is Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, of the University of Michigan, who has described in *The Sanitarian* some experiments which he has made to determine the power of soils to prevent the filtration of organic matter in solution.

They had reference to the questions, To what extent are organic substances removed from solution by filtration through the soil; and do different soils differ in their capability of thus removing organic matter? Urea was selected as

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to interest the general reader.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for want of room or sufficient interest.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

STOCKMAN, Cloera, O: The American Grocer, New York.

C. A. C., Sand Springs, Ind.: The postage on books is one cent for each two ounces.

JOE, Hooper, Crow, Or., desires information of the whereabouts of Leander A. Brown.

C. H. P., Tama City, Ind.: We do not pay any attention to anonymous correspondents.

J. W. H., Kiowa, Kan.: We have just given in this department a history of the Credit Mobilier.

J. E. D., Selma, O.: Such books as you name can be had of Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. G. MCGREGORY, Rock Lick, W. Va., desires the address of W. B. Earlewine, Rock Lick, W. Va.

MISS N. W., Quorn, Ind.: We stated before in answer to your inquiry, that the bill in question failed to pass.

URIAH MILLS, Cochranton, Pa., wishes the address of Charles B. Lindsay, First Lieutenant Co. E, 10th Pa. Regt., U. S. V.

J. G., Riley, Ind.: The Updegraff bill increasing the rate of pension for loss of sight in one eye did not pass either House of Congress.

A. H. DOSMAN, Hangman's Creek, Washington Territory, would like the address of any comrade of Co. G., 36th Indiana Vet. Vol. Infantry.

R. K. SMOOTS, Bear Valley, Wis., wishes to know the whereabouts of C. H. Buck and family. When last heard from they were at Kalamazoo, Mich.

E. K., Hampton, Ia.: A firm of attorneys can only make one charge of the fee prescribed in pension cases, as though the claim was prosecuted by one person.

ARISTIDE EVERTS Trenton, Ioa., wishes to obtain the address of Capt. G. W. Corbit, of Co. B, Eighth Regt. Ill. Cav., or the address of any soldier or officer of that regiment.

J. C., Box 59, Van Wert, O., writes: If How Boy of Newman, Ill., will send me his name I will tell him how he can get the letter cured, if had it for 30 years and have cured it.

C. H. H., Yreka Cal: We should hardly feel justified in publishing the name of the firm on a single complaint. Possibly there may be some mistake. We should advise you to write again.

E. P., Star Prairie, Wis.—The address of Henry Ward Beecher is Brooklyn, N. Y. That of Harriet Beecher Stowe is Hartford, Conn. We must decline to give "addresses of distinguished persons" at random.

DAVID MCC., (no address): The firm you name are in active practice before the Pension Office at Washington, D. C. But that office has published an order forbidding attorneys to require advance fees in claims for pensions.

JOSEPH BOSARD, New Sharon, Ioa., would like the name and address of the Surgeon of the 65th Illinois Veteran Volunteer Infantry; also Second Lieutenant McKee of Co. A, 65th Illinois, formerly commanded by Col. D. Cameron.

W. T. DOWE, Lake View, Mich., wishes the address of Sergt. Donoho, Corporal Ketcham, private John Blair, and the name and address of the Orderly Sergeant of Company D, 91th New York State Volunteers. Also, the name of the Surgeon of the Regiment when camped at White Oak Church, W. Va.

J. R. E., Earlington, Ky.: A soldier who is honorably discharged is entitled to payment for his services in the United States Army, and a settlement with him is generally made when he is discharged. If he believes he has not received what is due him, send his discharge to a competent attorney to give opinion.

A CORRESPONDENT, who fails to sign his name or give his postoffice address sends us an inquiry regarding a subscription book firm to whom he claims to have sent money, and has received nothing in reply. We will take pleasure in sending him a card in reply if he will repeat his inquiry and give address.

J. F. WEXTE, Frontenac, Minn., desires to learn the whereabouts of any of the non-commissioned officers or privates of Battery E., 1st Artillery Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, while Capt. I. G. Craig was commander, especially James O. Blauvelt, John M. Clark, James A. Fish, Daniel Burke, Stephen Blanchard, Edmund B. Hart, George Miller or Jed. D. Lincoln.

SPECTATOR, Milford Center, O., asks: "1. In what year was the law passed prohibiting first cousins from marrying. 2. Is a void marriage any better than none at all?"—1. Male persons of the age of 18 years; female persons at the age of 14 years, not nearer of kin than first cousins, and not having a husband or wife living, may be joined in marriage. Law passed January 6, 1824. 2. Some better, but not much.

F. F. P., Rock Creek, W. T., writes: I enlisted in the 125th O. V. I., Co K, on the 30th day of June, 1863, for the term of six months as a private, and was discharged March 8, 1864. I also enlisted in Co. H, 58th O. V. I., on March 25, 1864, was discharged July 25, 1865. Am I entitled to any extra bounty, as I only received a certain part of the promised bounty?"—You are not entitled to bounty for the six months' service, but should have been paid $100 for second service. No extra bounty granted in such cases.

L. C. W., Larned, Kan., asks: "1. Are green backs taxable; if not, why? 2. Are National bank bills taxable? 3. Has the circulation of National bank bills increased as much as greenbacks have been retired?"—1. They are not taxable, because the law authorizing their issue says they shall not be taxed. 2. They are taxable precisely as other money. 3. It has not. The amount of National bank notes now outstanding is $355,134,504, and of legal tenders, $347,681,016.

BOYER, Grand Meadows, Minn: The Hudson's Bay Co., which we suppose is the one you mean, still has an existence as a corporation, and is a very wealthy and powerful institution, although its operations are not so active or extensive now as formerly. We cannot give you any information as to the best means of obtaining employment from the Company. The employees are generally Canadians and half breeds who are trained to the work of hunting and trapping by long years of active service, in the great Northwest.

H. C., McLane, Pa., asks: "1. Will you please tell me what you know about making scrap-books? What is the best kind of paste to use? A friend recommends a paste of common starch made very thin. Do they sometimes put a little alum in, if so what for?"—1. A very good paste indeed is made from starch or from ordinary wheat flour, into which a little powdered alum and resin has been introduced. The alum has an antiseptic property to prevent the paste from spoiling, while the resin makes the paste much stronger.

W. F. R., Mediapolis, Ioa., asks: "Does the Government furnish tombstones for soldiers buried in Northern graves, or those who have died since the war. If so, who is the proper person to apply to?"—In order to obtain a headstone for a deceased Union soldier, all that is necessary to be done is for the relatives or friends of the soldier to notify the Quartermaster-General, at Washington, of the name, rank, company, regiment, and date of death of the soldier, giving the name of the place where it is interred. Upon receipt of this information the contractor who has the furnishing of the stones will cause to be erected a neat marble headstone similar in design to those now in use in national cemeteries.

W. F. BURNS, Ravenna, Mo., writes regarding the Garfield portrait: "I received my picture of Garfield yesterday. It is a very good picture and every one should have it."—Says T. K. Sawyers, Mooreville, Ind.: "Your Garfield portrait is perfectly splendid. Better than I expected."—Irwin J. Hatch, Chase Lake, Mich., writes: "Having received the BLADE and Garfield's picture, I send my thanks in full. I must say we were very much delighted with it. Instead of a common wood cut, we have an elegant and beautiful likeness. It shall have the best frame in town, and also be hung up in the best room in the house, for I think Garfield is the best man. I value my picture at $2.00.

F. F. SHOCK, Allentown, Pa., writes: "The BLADE reaches me regularly. An excellent paper it is. Every Republican should read it. Your Garfield 'portrait' far exceeded my expectations, and in excellence of manufacture it will remain unequalled. Hundreds of 'portraits' have been scattered all over our city. Yours, however, is far superior."—Out of the hundreds of testimonials we have received for the Garfield portrait we have thus far failed to find a single one which does not pronounce the picture far better than they had expected to find it.

W. G., Battle Creek, Ioa., asks: "1. How many acres of Government land are there in Dakota Territory? 2 What are the staple crops? 3. Will yellow Dent corn mature as far up as Fort Randall at Cross Creek Agency?"—1. Dakota covers an area of 96,955,840 acres. Of the public lands 22,623,760 acres have been surveyed, leaving 73,959,710 acres unsurveyed. 2. The corn producing belt which runs through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois extends northwest through Iowa up the valley of the Missouri through Dakota. All kinds of grain, fruits and vegetables, which usually grow in the Middle States, it is claimed, yield abundantly in Dakota.

A. S. M., Jamesport, Mo., asks: "Will you explain the duties of Supervisors of Elections and the office, how created? 2. Is the greenback theory of refunding the bonded debt of the United States equivalent to retiring the national bank currency?"—1. The Supervisors of Elections are officers appointed from both political parties for the purpose of preventing frauds at Federal elections. They are appointed by the Judges of the U. S. District Courts, and are paid only for the time actually employed. 2. The theory of refunding the National debt advocated by the radical claiming of the Greenback party is equivalent to repudiation. Both factions of that party, however, are opposed to the continuance of the National debt.

A. C. W., Lottsville, Pa., asks: "1. When and how was the discovery of ether as an anaesthetic made? 2 What was the belief in regard the action of the blood prior to Harvey's discovery of its circulation? 3. What originated the custom of burying with the head towards West?"—1. Ether was said first to have been used for the purpose of producing insensibility to pain by Dr. Horace Wells, of Connecticut, in 1846. 2. The circulation of the blood through the lungs was announced by Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, as early as 1553. Another physician named Cisalpinus had published an account of a general circulation of which he had some confused ideas in 1569. Harvey's discovery which was the most definite and positive in its character of all the early discoveries dates from 1628. 4. Probably the vague general idea that the resurrection, like the sun, was to come from the east.

G. P. F., Waterloo, Ind., asks: "Does the English Government advertise unclaimed estates? If not, who publishes such notices or advertisements?"—The English Government does not meddle with unclaimed estates. Money in its possession and in the possession of the Bank of England is often restored to the heirs of the persons to whom it belonged and those heirs are advertised for in the London Gazette. Such advertisements are not published in this country. Advertisements for next of kin appear in many papers and are usually inserted by attorneys. It is idle to try and find such an advertisement in any paper, but easy enough to find out about the advertisement by applying to some one of the agencies, where all such advertisements are kept indexed and where in a minute you can learn when, in what papers, and by whom inserted. Indexes are kept in England to all such advertisements for 150 years past.

W. M. M., Rockland, Ind., writes: "In his letter of acceptance, speaking of the National finances, Gen. Garfield says: 'The faithful application of the surplus revenues to the payment of the principal of the debt will gradually but certainly free the people from its burdens and close with honor the financial chapter of the war.' In all candor and honesty we ask, what will become of our National banks should the debt be paid, as the General suggests?"—We cannot see how the payment of the National debt need affect the continued existence of the National Banks. As the matter now stands, the only connection the debt has to the National Banks is that the law regards the bonds as the best possible means of securing the Government for the currency issued to the banks. It is hardly probable however, that this question will require settlement before our great grandchildren have grown up to take charge of the affairs of state. By that time, however, the existence of National Banks may be settled some other way.

A. E. L., Harrisville, W. Va., asks: "Please give a sketch of Brazil, especially of the rulers, the present government, religion, etc.? 2. Who is President of Mexico? 3. Who is President of France, and for what length of time is the President of that Republic elected?"—1. The present Emperor of Brazil is Pedro II., born December 2, 1825, and son of Emperor Pedro I., and of Archduchess Leopoldina, of Austria. He succeeded to the throne in 1831, declared of age in 1840, crowned July 18, 1841. The Constitution of Brazil bears date March 25, 1824. It establishes four powers in the State legislative, executive, judicial "moderating" power, or the royal perrogative. The legislative power is vested for the affairs of the empire in a generally legislative assembly, which consists of two houses, Senate and Congress. The Ministry is divided into seven departments. The established Church is the Roman Catholic, but under the constitution all other religions are tolerated. 2. The present ruler of Mexico is Porfirio Diaz. The President of the French Republic is Francois P. Jules Grevy. He is elected for seven years, and is eligible for re election.

J. J. A., Manistee, Mich., asks: "Will you please give a short biographical sketch of John C. Breckenridge, who was Vice President with Buchanan?"—John C. Breckenridge was born near Lexington, Ky., January 21, 1821. He studied law at the Transylvania Institute, and was admitted to the bar at Lexington. After residing at Burlington, Ioa., for a time, he returned to Lexington, where he practiced his profession with considerable success. He served as a Major during the Mexican war, and on his return was elected to the State Legislature, and was a member of Congress from his State from 1851 to 1855. Breckenridge became Vice President in 1857, and entered the Senate in 1861 as a successor of J. J. Crittenden. The candidate of the Southern Democracy for President in 1860; he was defeated, and in the year following he was expelled from the Senate. In 1862 he was made a Major General of the Confederate army, and served till January, 1865, at which time he was made Secretary of War at Richmond. After the war closed, Mr. Breckenridge went to Europe.

R. E. Lewis, Orville, O., writes: "I see your offer of the picture of Gen. Garfield, as a premium. As I have sent you four subscriptions in the last year, and as the time will not expire till after the election is over, I think I am entitled to the picture. Please send me one for each subscription. Send me one at least, and I shall subscribe again when my time is out."—We should be very glad to oblige you in the matter of the Garfield portrait, but there are probably at least 50,000 others on our books who have sent us additional subscribers, and who have a correspondingly good right to the Garfield portrait. If we send to you we must also send to them, and such an outlay would evidently be out of the question. The conditions are perfectly fair and impartial to all our old subscribers. Fifty cents pays for the Garfield portrait and for a three months' extension of your current subscription. The terms are precisely the same as for new subscribers, and has leaves no cause for complaint.

PENSION MATTERS.

We understand that over 25,000 claims were filed in the Pension Office on the 30th of June, this being the last day that pension claims could be filed, under the law granting arrears of pensions. The office was kept open until 12 o'clock at night for filing. Thousands have come in since the expiration of the time, all of which must date from the time of filing. There is little doubt but that Congress will extend the time before long. There is no reason for it not to do so. Claimants should continue to apply for pension with full confidence that the limitation will be extended.

All pension claims filed after the 30th of June will commence from the date of filing the claim. The following is the law:

"* * * *Provided*: The application for such pension has been or is hereafter filed with the Commissioner of Pensions prior to the first day of July, 1880: otherwise pensions shall commence from the date of filing the application, but the limitation herein prescribed shall not apply to claims by or in behalf of insane persons and children under sixteen years of age." The time for filing claims for additional bounty also expires July 1, 1880.

The House Committee on Military Affairs has reported favorably on H. R. 1213, which provides that the time for filing claims for horses and equipments lost by officers and enlisted men in the military service of the United States, which expired by limitation on the 31st day of December, 1875, be, and the same is hereby extended to two years from and after the passage of this act; and all such claims filed in the proper department before the passage of the act shall be deemed to have been filed in due time, and shall be considered favorable and decided without refiling.

The following is a complete list of the special pension acts passed at the last session of Congress:

Addison, Mary, widow Robert, war of 1812.
Ashby, Eliza K., widow John P., private Co. B, 15th Ky. Cav.
Aults, Elizabeth, widow Ambrose N., Co. G, 200th Pa. Vols.
Baldwin, Herman, Co. B, 54th Pa. Vols., increasing rate.
Benner, Della, widow Hiram, Lieut. Co. C, 15th U. S. Inf.
Black, Jno. H., 1st Lieut. Co. G, 13th Pa. Vols., increasing rate.
Beresland, Jas. M., Co. C, 9th Pa. Vols., increasing rate.
Broughton, Horace, Col. 153d N. Y. Vols., increasing rate.
Brown, Judith, child of Chas. Duncan, revolutionary soldier.
Bunker, Isaiah, private Co. C, 84th Pa. Vols., increasing rate.
Burk, Harvey, private Co. E, 67th Ind. Vols.
Carter, Ellen W. P., of Bradley Co., Tenn.
Chesebrough, Peter, Capt. Co. F, 146th N. Y. Vols.
Coolspider, Eli, private Co. G, 59th Ind. Vols.
Curtis, Belinda, widow Maj. Gen. Samuel R., $30 per month.
Davis, Ben. A. M., widow Rear Adm'l Charles H., increasing rate to $50.
Davenport, Patsey, mother Wm. H.
Davis, S. B., Co. C, 18th Ill. Vol., increasing rate.
Dougherty, Elizabeth, widow Charles.
Fisher, Jno., guard mins. Wm. Dakin, pri. Co. G, 6th W. Va. V.
Farrar, Abram F., 1st Lieut. Co. F, 35th Ind. Vols.
Finn, Masach, Corp. Co. F, 23d Ky. Vols.
Hatcher, Aaron, private Co. F, 23d Mo. Vols.
Hoopes, Abner, private Co. A, 1st Pa. Reserves.
Jackson, Thos. J., Lieut. Col. 11th U. S. C. T.
Leib, Edward U., late Brevet Col. U. S. A., increasing rate.
Lawrence, Esther E., widow Stephen, Co. H., 3d Wis. Vols.
Lingenfelter, Michal, private Co. I, 19th Pa. Vols.
Meighan Mary, widow Peter, private Co. F, 11th U. S. Inft.
Morgan, Peter K., war of 1812.
Morris, W. J., of Delhi, Ill.
Netterfield, Herman, late of Canby's Scouts.
Reber, Richard J., widow Effenberger L., Adj't. 203d Pa. Vols.
Rider, Thos., private Co. L., 7th U. S. Cav.
Robinson, Martha J., widow James H., Co. E, 5th Ind. Vols.
Sayer, James P., Co. C, 104th Pa. Vols., increasing rate.
Schoyer, Sam'l C., Capt. Co. G, 135th Pa. Vols. increasing rate.
Smith, Jacob J., Lieut. Co. H, 12th Pa. Cav.
Taylor, Sophia B., widow Maj. F. Taylor, increasing rate to $30
Vaughn, Thos. H., Co. C, 76th Pa. Vols.
Wagner, Melissa, widow Jacob F., private Co. B, 67th Pa. Vols.

REMOVING CHARGES OF DESERTION AND GRANTING HONORABLE DISCHARGE.

Davis, Enoch, private Co. G, 6th Iowa Vols.
Foley, Jerry, Co. G, 9th Me. Vols.
Hein, Ernest, Corp. Co. C, 13th Mass. Veteran Reserve Corps.
Holstander, John, war of 1812.
McGovern, Wm., late Co. C, 1st N. Y. Vols.
Rosecrans, Byron, Co. H, 49th Mich. Vols.

GRANTING BACK PAY.

Given, Rev. Paul E., Chaplain.
Maxwell, James W., Sergt. Co. I, 18th Ill. Vols.
Morris, Solomon, Co. A, 38th Ill. Vols.
Ruby, James N., Sergt. Major, 20th Wis. Vols

An Act for the relief of the 15th and 16th Missouri Cavalry Volunteers:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the proper accounting officers of the Treasury be, and they hereby are, directed to pay bounty to the enlisted men of the 15th and 16th Missouri Cavalry Volunteers who served during the late rebellion, as follows, to wit:

To those who served the full period of one year or more, the sum of $100; to those who served the full period of six months but less than one year, the sum of $66.66; to those who served a less period than six months, the sum of $3.35.

Sec. 2. That in case of the death of the soldier, who if living would be entitled under the first section of this act, then the said sum or sums that would be due to said soldier if living shall be paid to his widow, and if there be no widow, then to his children; and if there be none, then to his mother; also for a widow. And so much money as may be necessary to carry this law into effect is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved June 16, 1880.

If claimants under any of the above special acts have no attorney to obtain payment, we recommend them to correspond at once with T. W. Tallmadge, attorney, Washington, D. C., to present their proper papers, for even under special acts of Congress an application must be made to the proper department for payment, which requires the attention of an experienced person, as we know Mr. Tallmadge to be.

HUGGING IN THE PARK.

Are the Rights of American Citizens to be Abridged.

Peck's Sun.

The *National* advises the removal of the seats from the park because hugging is done on them. Great heavens, has it come to this? Are the dearest rights of the American citizen to be abridged in this summary manner? Let us call the attention of that powerful paper to a clause in the Declaration of Independence, which asserts that "all men are created free and equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When the framers of that great Declaration of Independence were at work on that clause, they must have had in view the pastime of hugging in the parks. Hugging is certainly a "pursuit of happiness." People do not hug for wages—that is, except on the stage. Nobody is obliged to hug. It is a sort of spontaneous combustion, as it were, of the feelings, and has to have proper conditions of the atmosphere to make it a success. Parties who object to hugging are old, usually, and have been satiated, and are like a lemon that has done duty in circus lemonade.

If they had a job of hugging they would hire a man to do it for them. A man who complains of a little natural, soul inspiring hugging on a back seat in a park, of an evening, with a fountain throwing water all over little cast iron cupids, has probably got a soul, but he hasn't got it with him. To the student of nature there is no sight more beautiful than to see a flock of young people take seats in the park, after the sun has gone to bed in the West, and the moon has pulled a fleecy cloud over her face for a veil, so as not to disturb the worshippers. A couple, one a male and the other a female, will set far apart on the cast iron seat, for a moment, when the young lady will try to fix her cloak over her shoulders, and she can't fix it, and then the young man will help her, and when he has got it fixed he will go off and leave one arm around the small of her back. He will miss his arm, and wonder where he left it, and go back after it, and in the dark he will feel around with the other hand to find the hand he left; suddenly the two hands will meet, they will express astonishment, and clasp each other, and be so glad they will begin to squeeze, and the chances are that they will cut the girl in two, but they never do. Under such circumstances a girl can exist on less atmosphere than she can when doing a washing.

TOO BAD.

How Garfield's Nomination Affects Some People.

An "Anglicized Bostonian's" letter from Oxford, to the Boston *Transcript* contains a hit that is not bad;

"When the result of the Chicago Convention was announced it so prostrated me that I had to take a Turkish bath to restore my tone. A canal driver for President! That sort of thing was all very well 20 years ago, in Lincoln's time, but I really did hope that you had now got beyond it. Of course you will not vote for him. I never vote, on principle; but if I was in America I am sure I should feel obliged to record my protest against this exhibition of Republican demagogism by voting for Hancock. Hancock is a man for whom one could vote conscientiously, for he never worked or sold anything, and his father was quite a respectable man, I am told."

The Sunday School.

Abram and Lot.

LESSON 6, SUNDAY, AUGUST 8, 1880.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee.—Gen. 13:8.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 13: 1-18,)

1. And Abram went up out of Egypt, he and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the south. 2. And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. 3. And he went on his journey from the South even to Bethel, unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning, between Bethel and Hai. 4. Unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at the first: and there Abram called on the name of the Lord. 5. And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents. 6. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together. 7. And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwell then in the land. 8. And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. 9. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. 10. And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar. 11. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed east: and they separated themselves the one from the other. 12. Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. 13. But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly. 14 And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and eastward, and westward: 15. For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. 16. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed be numbered. 17. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee. 18. Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

And Abram went up out of Egypt (v. 1). Coming and going; back and forth; hither and thither; that is the way with God's children when they are following the lead of his providence. Not their first home, nor the second, nor the third, is the place of their final rest. Sitting down to have a good time is not the mission of those whom God loves. At one time old ties must be broken up; at another, new sorrows must be endured; then one must be a stranger and in surroundings of evil; again, distress and want must stare him in the face; for a while a far off land may seem to promise safety; yet once more his steps must be retraced, and all that has been done and endured thus far may seem to have been for naught. What does all this mean? Is there any mistake or doubt on God's part, in these ever shifting calls and changes? Have no worry on this point—no thought that God could do better in any other way than this for the perfecting of your faith in him—"nowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

And Abram was very rich (v. 2). That was another of his trials. Some men inherit wealth as others scrofula. Again, a man takes on wealth in his journey of life, as another absorbs malaria in his going through a fever-and-ague region. Riches, like an excess of flesh tend to burden and binder a man in his ordinary activities of life; but the one load or the other must be accepted as a trial from the Lord—when it comes without our seeing it. Surplus fat or surplus funds are not to be coveted; but neither of them ought to crush a child of God. If we can fairly reduce the weight laid on us, in either instance, by our doing or giving in the Lord's service, it is a plain duty for us to do so. But whether we have much or little to carry, we can, through faith, have grace to bear up under it, and so to endure unto the end. He who counts all else one of his servants to yield a loved child unocomplainingly at His call, can also enable that servant to have and to use riches without being thereby excluded from the kingdom of heaven.

Their substance was great so that they could not dwell together (v. 6). There is no gain without some corresponding loss. Added wealth brings added needs—to meet which something before held must be given up. While there was a famine in the land Abram and Lot could keep near each other. When both of them became rich it was not so easy for them to have a common home. Fullness is quite as frequent a cause of separation in this world as scantiness. It is the poor who take but little room, and who from their very want depend on and learn to help each other. As families abound in riches they come to live apart; and by their very sufficiency they are brought to an aloofness from some to whom they were bound closely before. To be independent in property is too often to be independent of good neighborliness, if not to absolutely independent of unselfish affection. It is by no means the man with most money who has most friends, or who lives nearest to the friends he does have. If you have no great substance to look after, thank God that you are not called to choose between abandoning your property or your friends.

Let there be no strife, I pray thee between me and thee (v. 8). That was a good resolution. Quarreling is a poor business any way. Quarreling over property with one's relatives is worse than the poorest kind of quarreling. Being dragged into a property quarrel with relatives, by the servants of the two families, is the meanest of all mean ways of quarreling. It is of minor importance how you keep out of a quarrel of that sort; the great thing is to keep out. If necessary, give up what the quarrel might be about; give up all your property, give up your servants; give up your home; give up all that is claimed on the other side of the house, and all that has been claimed on yours. "Where there is a will there is a way" in such a matter. The man who says to his brother, "Let there be no strife I pray thee, between me and thee," and who is in dead earnest in saying it, will be pretty sure to keep out of a strife with that brother; for it takes two to make a quarrel any way.

Is not the whole land before thee? (v. 8). It would be very easy for us all to avoid quarrels, if our brethren or neighbors would do just as we told them to, and would be satisfied with the places and things which we assigned to them. Any of us would settle a difference, if it could be done in that way. But it is not necessary for us to give the other party his unrestricted choice—letting him take just what he prefers, while we content ourselves with what he does not care for. Yet that is the only really generous way of settling any difference with a loved one. If we are talking about "our rights," or "justice" that is one thing; but if we are ready to make concessions for affection's sake, or for the sake of peace, there is but one right and noble course for us to pursue; and that is the course which Abram took with Lot. "The whole land is before you. Pick for yourself. Take what you please. I shall be satisfied with what you leave." There is not much danger of strife between brethren when that spirit prevails on either side.

Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, . . . as the garden of the Lord . . . and pitched his tents toward Sodom (v. 10, 12). When we see a good thing right before us—a thing that is attractive and tempting in the line of our present desires—we are commonly not inclined to question, whether, after all, that is the best thing we could have. It looks good enough. We want it just as it is. So we choose that for our portion, and settle down to enjoy it, even though the outlook of our new dwelling place is squarely toward Sodom. But this is a poor way of making a life choice. The surroundings of a place are quite as important as its surface view, in determining its real desirableness. We ought to take into consideration the influence of a neighborhood we are to find a home in; the companionships of a school, or a place of business, or a summer resort; the temptations of an occupation or an alliance,—which may open before us. Even that which may seem as a garden of the Lord, may be in dangerous proximity to a place where Satan's seat is. Bethel with its stone pillows may seem to proffer poor hotel accommodations; but with heaven at the top of its flight of stairs, it is a better place to pass day or night in; than the plain of Jordan "well watered everywhere" with Sodom for its drawing-room.

The Lord said unto Abram . . . Lift up now thine eyes and look . . . northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward (v. 14.) When God directs us, we take a broader sweep of vision than when we are looking out for ourselves. Lot looked in one direction only. Abram was told to look all round him. Lot looked to see what he should choose for himself. Abram was told to look that he might see what God had in store for him. Those two modes of looking still prevail among the children of men. Men who look for themselves are invariably short-sighted. They see only in one direction and not a great ways at that. Men who trust God to take care of them, look right and left, front and rear; and, most of all, they look up. Men see in more directions, and they see more clearly when they walk by faith, than when they walk by sight.—*B. Clay Trumbull, in N. S. Times.*

"SUCCESS IN SMALL FRUITS."

Or, Rather, the Successes Attained by Certain Small Fruits.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"I just rolled out here from the grocery," said the little green apple as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, "but a great big boy, a great hulky, strong, leather-lunged, noisy 15 year older, and little as I am you will see me double up that boy to-night and make him wail and howl and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a 10 acre field of boys, and don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington," the little green apple went on, with just a shade of pitying contempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them fools around a banana."

"Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take somebody of my size. Now here comes the kind of a man I usually do business with. He is large and strong, it is true, but—"

And just then a South Hill merchant who weighs about 221 pounds when he feels right good, came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the awning-post, turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket flattening it out until it looked like a splint door-mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show window. And then while the fallen merchant gathered from various quarters of the globe, his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree box, his cane from the show-window, and one of his shoes from the eaves-trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrunk a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

"Ah" it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it, and bade it look up and take heart, and do well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel, you can not lift up a 200 pound man and break a cellar-door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and if you do your part the world will feel your power, and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face, and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night an old father who writes 18 hours a day, and a patient mother who was almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a 13 year old boy, who was all twisted up the shape of a figure 3, while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened, and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep, and wished that boy would either die or get well.

And the little green apple was pleased, and its last words were: "At least I have been of some little use in this great wide world."

A FRONTIER WEDDING.

How Scandinavian Customs Are Kept Up in the Northwest.

Sioux Falls (Dakota) Pantagraph.

Probably there has never been in this country so much glorification over a wedding as that which made Nils Petersen and Mali Aausen man and wife. The ceremony was performed last Friday at St. Olaf Church, north of Sioux Falls, by the Rev. O. Sandt. The couple were accompanied to church by 22 wagon loads of friends, and from there they went to the home of the groom, near Republican Postoffice, nine miles from here, where the glorification was held. Feasting and dancing commenced right away and were kept up until the following Tuesday. Part of the time there were as many as 200 guests present, and during the whole four days there was a steady stream going and coming. There is no way of knowing how many were there altogether, but the preparations made for their entertainment indicate something of the crowd. For meat, two large oxen were roasted whole, all of which was devoured; 100 pounds of whitefish were also served, together with liberal supplies of cavaire, bread and pastry enough for a regiment, and cheese, such as is made in the old country, was spread prodigally during the whole time. The supply of drinkables was almost a young deluge, and all gas were punished by the box. Six barrels of beer had been home brewed from 14 sacks of barley; a whole barrel of alcohol, 46 gallons, was taken up from Town, the surplus to be returned, and 10 gallons of wine provided for the ladies. The alcohol was diluted somewhat for use, and the whole supply of liquor was continually on tap for anybody who could hold any more. While, of course, most of those present felt the influence of their beverages, there was no beastly intoxication, and everything was carried on without any breach of good nature. All the time dancing went on, except during such intervals as the participants were compelled to rest. It was altogether the most extended jubilee the Northwest has known, and will long be remembered by those who took part.

ENGLISH STUBBORNNESS.

Marrying a Dead Wife's Sister.

The Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburg and Connaught went together to the House of Peers on the evening of June 25 in order to vote for Lord Houghton's bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. When the bill was called up for its second reading the Prince of Wales presented from the Convention of the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs of Scotland a petition numerously signed, in favor of it. His action was followed by Lord Houghton, who presented in favor of the bill a huge petition signed by 42,500 women of Leeds. After this Lord Houghton, as the promoter of the bill, proceeded to argue for it at great length in the presence of nearly all the spiritual Peers—every one of whom, with the exception of the Bishop of Ripon, voted adversely to the bill. Lord Beaconsfield voted, but did not speak, against the measure; the Duke of Argyll also voted against it; and this conjunction of the Tory ex-Premier with the Liberal father in law of the Queen's daughter is understood to have represented the sentiments of her Majesty on the subject. When the bill came to a division the majority against it was only 11 in a vote of 191 with 54 pairs absent, and the number of Bishops who voted against it was exactly 11, the Archbishop of York making a 12th and the Archbishop of Canterbury being absent. If only six of the prelates had voted with the Bishop of Ripon there would have been a majority of one for the bill. The Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Robert Bickersteth, D. D., is the son of the Rev. John Bickersteth,—names well and favorably known to churchmen. He was a surgeon before he took orders, and is a man of most liberal views. Lord Houghton's defeat is regarded as a victory, since he succeeded in practically proving the responsibility for the defeat of the bill upon the prelates.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

WOMAN

The remedial management of those diseases peculiar to women has afforded a large experience at the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, in adapting remedies for their cure. Many thousands of cases have annually been treated. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of this extended experience, and has become justly celebrated for its many and remarkable cures of all those chronic diseases and

WEAKNESSES PECULIAR TO FEMALES.

Favorite Prescription is a powerful Restorative Tonic to the entire system. It is a nervine of unsurpassed efficacy, and while it quiets nervous irritation, it strengthens the enfeebled nervous system, thereby restoring it to healthful vigor. The following diseases are among those in which the Favorite Prescription has worked cures as if by magic, and with a certainty never before attained, viz: Leucorrhœa; excessive flowings; painful menstruation; unnatural suppression; weak back; prolapsus, or falling of the uterus; anteversion; retroversion; bearing-down sensation; chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration; internal heat; nervous depression; dizziness and sick headache; debility; and barrenness, or sterility, when not caused by stricture of the neck of the womb. When the latter condition exists, we can, by other means, readily remove the impediment to the bearing of offspring (see Invalids' Guide Book, sent for

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends, at as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Instructions to Agents.

Address, **THE BLADE,** TOLEDO, OHIO.

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

For President,
JAMES A. GARFIELD, of Ohio.

For Vice President,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR, of New York.

Circulation This Week, 90,000.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Column 1—Ballade of Sleep—Poetry.
" 1-2-3—"A File of Infantrymen."
" 3—The German Language.
" 4—Song—Poetry.
" 4-5-6-7-8—"Her Mortal Enemy."

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Ash Outrageous Forgery—Mob Force in Politics.
" 3—Sec. Schurz's Speech—Abuse of Food.
" 4—Gettysburg—An Open Letter to Gen. Pearson—Campaign Lying—His Financial Policy.
" 5-6—"Around Cape Horn."
" 7-8—Popular Science.

THIRD PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4—The Sunday School.
" 5—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Skin Grafting—Are We Tired of Prosperity?—Affairs in the East.
" 3—The Other Horn—A New Departure.
" 4—"Dull Season" Stories.
" 5—Scaffold Scenes—Paragraphs.
" 6—"Nasby."
" 7—An Inhuman Outrage—Paragraphs
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Home Letter.
" 3-4—Letters from Buckeye.
" 5—Chicago Letter.
" 6—A Personal Insult—Miscellany.
" 7-8—Miscellany—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 5—Chinese Superstition.
" 6-7—Our Young Folks.
" 8—How the Diamonds Were Made—Gen. Garfield's Private Life.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—The Farm.
" 3-4—The Ball Opens in Indiana.
" 5—The Wages of Sin—Vale Bell and Edison—Where Is He?
" 6-7-8—Telegraphic News.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 3-4—Latest Telegraphic News.
" 5—Business Review of the Week.
" 6-7—Telegraphic Markets.
" 8—Advertisements.

We printed last week 85,000 copies o' the Weekly BLADE. We print this week 90,000 copies, all of which are required to supply the regular demand for our yearly and campaign subscribers. Our increase now from campaign subscribers alone is at the rate of 750 per day, or 4,500 per week of six days. It is a comparatively easy matter to obtain a large circulation—on paper, and we are aware this is the way such things are accomplished by many of our contemporaries. But we wish, in this connection, to call the attention of all who may be interested to the following paragraphs:

About sixty days since Mr. H. P. HUBBARD, of New Haven, Conn., publisher of the *Printer Advertiser*, and widely known as one of the most prominent and responsible advertising agents of the United States, visited the BLADE office. In an article on "Newspaper Circulation," in the last issue of the *Printer-Advertiser*, Mr. HUBBARD says:

> From a personal examination of the books and mail list, I know that the BLADE is now publishing over 70,000 copies per week, and that they all go to a live list of paid up subscribers. I say this much in justice to a paper whose statements have been doubted by myself as well as by others.

Here is a statement of the BLADE'S circulation from the careful, persons' examination of a responsible, competent and disinterested witness, made 60 days ago. But at that time we were still receiving accessions to our lists from the yearly renewals, while our enormous influx of campaign subscribers had not even begun. The figures given at the head of our columns at the date of Mr. HUBBARD'S visit (70,049) will be found to correspond exactly with his statement. And should Mr. HUBBARD, or any other equally competent and reliable examiner visit the BLADE establishment this week, we shall be most happy to afford the same complete facilities for verifying the figures given above, as were previously afforded.

THE new Nasby Pamphlets have proved quite a hit. Particulars regarding them are given elsewhere.

GEN. CHAMBERS'S announcement that he is about to withdraw from his place on the Greenback ticket, is the first information most people have had that there is such a ticket in the field.

CANADA is mourning over a salmon drouth. This fish has become one of its most important articles of export, but for some unaccountable reason the catch for the present year has fallen off from last year's to an unprecedented degree.

IN another column will be found the terms of the campaign BLADE for single copies and clubs. We count on the cordial assistance of our friends to introduce the BLADE into every possible Republican household this Fall.

THIS "blasted country" is rough on royal members. First, the Princess LOUISE had her Brunswichian ear damaged, and now Prince LEOPOLD has his Guelphic ankle turn under his Anglo-German weight. So much for roughing it in a new country.

PARSON NASBY'S new campaign pamphlet "The Democratic John Bunyan," promises to be immensely popular everywhere, and to be the hit of the campaign. It bears the following unique and characteristic

DEDICASHUN.

TO

GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

WHO FIGGERUSLY FIT ON ONE SIDE,
AND EZ FIGGERUSLY VOTED ON THE OTHER,
DOIN A TWO-HOSS ACT ONPARRELLED IN THE HISTRY UV POLLYTIX,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDIKATED.

This pamphlet, with others of the series, is calculated to do a good work in the campaign. Copies will be mailed free to any address on receipt of 10 Cents by the Blade Company.

SKIN GRAFTING.

The rebuilding of Miss LUCY OSBORN'S scalp was a wonderful bit of dermatology. She, it will be remembered, lost her natural scalp by having her luxuriant curls caught in some bution machinery, at which she was working, and in an decreed between the two, and after weeks of trial, which only resulted in the serious irritation of the remaining tissues of the head, the scalp was again removed, and the doctor began the experiment of grafting in its place pieces of skin taken from the bodies of friends who kindly volunteered contributions of their cuticle towards repairing the young lady's damages. The experiment was a success; over 14,000 bits of skin, donated from their bodies by doctors, clergymen, lawyers, operatives, and even fashionable ladies, were planted on Miss OSBURN'S cranium, and the result is that instant the skin of her head, with its hirsute attachment, was peeled off like the bark of a slippery elm. What is still worse, it obstinately refused to resume its old relations to the extremity of Miss OSBORN that it originally covered and adorned. A local physician tacked it on to the place where it had formerly 'grown with numbers of stitches of silk thread, but there seemed to be a permanent divorce she has now a scalp as firm and white and smooth as her hand, and as hairless.

Something akin to this has been attempted by the Democracy. Only its difficulty has been more radical. Instead of having its scalp torn off, its whole head was wrenched from its body, in 1861. Common respect for the decencies of life dictated that the headless trunk should have been speedily buried out of sight, but the managers thought otherwise, and have for 20 years been trying to patch on to it a cranium that would serve the purpose of the one it lost. The attempt to replace the old one was attended by similar features to those accompanying the attempt to replace Miss OSBORN'S scalp: It begot such an offensive suppuration that it had to be abandoned. It has since been soliciting outside contributions, and tried several grafts taken from the body of the Republican party, but, as was the case with Miss OSBORN, on whom but one in nine of the grafts took root and grew, the attempts to graft on a new top piece have so far been signal failures. It is possible though, if the attempt is persisted in as faithfully as the physicians attending the young lady held on to their course of treatment, that by the time that 14,000 such grafts as HORACE GREELEY and GEN. MCCLELLAN and HANCOCK are stuck on to the party in succession, it may begin to acquire what will pass for conventional loyalty and respectability. The experiment is worth trying, as a matter of curiosity.

ARE WE TIRED OF PROSPERITY?

Four years ago the Democrats based their appeals for elevation to power upon the unfortunate commercial condition of the country, which they claimed to be a direct result of the administration of affairs by the Republicans. The people declined to accept this view of the situation, and not only retain d the Republicans in the power they then enjoyed, but placed much more in their hands.

Since then the commercial situation has steadily improved, until we are enjoying greater and more solid prosperity than at any previous time in the history of the country. This prosperity has been gained by—among other things—the adoption of measures against which the Democracy sternly arrayed itself, and fought with all the bitterness and the force at its command.

It follows, therefore, as noon does morning, that, if the Democratic assertion four years ago be true, that the condition of the country depends entirely upon the party in power, then the present prosperity is the direct result and consequence of Republican rule; and that the Democratic party, which was antagonized the Republican party on all points of real interest to the country's prosperity, can not succeed to power without reversing all that has been done, and invoking commercial chaos to come again.

The Democrats have no right to complain if this argument is against them. It has for years been their strongest plea for turning the Republicans out of power. They said that the country was going to ruin because of the unwise and disastrous Republican policy. Instead, the result has demonstrated the entire wisdom of the Republicans, and the folly of their opponents.

Now the question for the people to determine is whether they have had enough of this prosperity—if they have harvested a sufficient crop of the results of Republican policy—if they have fattened to fulness upon Republican plenty and desire a change, a return to the Barmecide feast of wind offered by the Democracy?

If they are already surfeited by the Republican fulness and plenty, they will vote to turn that party out of power. If they desire a continuance of the good times that we are enjoying, they will vote to prevent the least vestige of power falling into the hands of the Democracy.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

There is again a lurid light in the East, and apparently the torch is kindling which will spread ruin and devastation through Turkey. The inevitable "Eastern Question" nominally settled a few months ago was no more adjusted permanently than it has been by any previous "treaties" which mark the page of history. Corruption and decay within and the sword of allied Europe without bid fair at this time to unite into the actual accomplishment of what is already a virtual fact—the dismemberment and downfall of Turkey. Russia declares her aims offensive toward no one, indeed so peaceful and inoffensive are her views that she is prepared to fight to accomplish the results for which she seeks—the constitution of independent slave States on the Peninsula and the opening of the Dardanelles. "No power can have more moderate wishes," says a leading Russian newspaper, "but it is necessary they should be realized even at the cost of great trouble." Says another Russian paper, "We are convinced that all the Powers except Austria and Germany are agreed in a plan to liquidate the Turkish Empire." It is useless fighting against the fates. The day of the Turk is done, and either by the events of this year, or at most very soon, he must give place to the march of a riper civilization that is more inflncible than the sword.

DAVID DAVIS does not seem to materialize very rapidly to the support of HANCOCK and ENGLISH.

THE OTHER HORN.

It is clearly evident that the main object of the nomination of HANCOCK at Cincinnati was to escape the taint of the rebellion which clings to the Democratic garments. The necessity was a most vital one, and the party realized it in all its bold, unrelieved ruggedness. The policy of obstruction pursued by a Democratic Congress, and entered upon with such vigor and hostility, had melted away gradually with its own heat, and left nothing but an ugly heap of cinders and ashes. The only common ground upon which Southern brigadiers and Northern doughfaces could meet was that of nullification of the results the war. On the questions of the tariff, of, finance, and the other principal issues of a political campaign, their views and interests were as diverse as those of the iron regions of Pennsylvania and the sugar fields of Louisiana. But to go before the public with such a platform, having but a single plank, and that a declaration that the party held all the constitutional amendments to be null and void, would hardly suffice for the purposes of the campaign, to say nothing of the candor and courage requisite to such a step. (If ever the maxim of TALLEYRAND were true that language is given to enable us to conceal our thoughts, it is true of a Democratic platform.) Evidently nothing is to be done in such a dilemma but to nominate a candidate whose presentation will avoid the objection noted at the beginning of this article, and leave the party free to make such a declaration of principles as might seem best suited to the necessity of the campaign.

We have already shown by the salient features of Gen. HANCOCK'S New Orleans record that the success of this effort has already proved to be of a very poor kind. And it is a serious question, waiving that matter whether the other horn of the dilemma does not leave the party in a still more lamentable predicament. Gen. HANCOCK is simply the plastic clay upon which the Democratic potter will put such shape and device as the party purposes may require. On all questions of State or National policy his record is as blank as an unwritten page. What does it matter what words may be put into his mouth for campaign purposes? His career as a soldier during the War of the Rebellion is a creditable one, but shall we make him President because as a soldier, educated and supported by his country in time of peace, he refused to violate his oath and desert her in her hour of danger? The people are asked to accept Gen. HANCOCK as the exponent, not of any views of his own, but of the doctrines and traditions of the Democratic party, and to this end has he loaned his name and military prestige as a soldier. The question for the people to ask is, are the doctrines and traditions of the Democracy of to-day absolutely safe for this country and its future? Is the adoption of the one, the following of the other calculation to secure free speech and free ballots in the South, the equality of all men before the law, the education of the masses, the perpetuation of a sound financial system, and a faithful obedience to the post bellum amendments to the Constitution? To these questions there can be but a single answer, and that answer is in the negative. And beyond this there is absolutely nothing in the character, training or record of Gen. HANCOCK which would afford any safeguard to the most dangerous tendencies of Democratic rule or misrule. If by any mishap it should be the misfortune of the country to see Gen. HANCOCK elected, there is no power in the man or his history which will prevent the Southern party leaders from bending him to their own purposes. The military cloak is but a poor disguise for the ballot-stuffer and the shover of Southern claims. Let the people beware.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The South has gone off upon a new tack. For a brief space the "bloody shirt" cry is allowed to cease, and generalities are indulged in. Strange to say, the fault now found with the Northern people is their tendency to fall down and worship new gods; the ease with which they are led off by anything novel, no matter how absurd it may be. According to some of their leading papers, the North is the father of every ism that has ever been in the country. It is responsible for all of the new ideas which have resulted in evil, or led men to commit absurdities. It has no self control and no consistency. While it will be enthusiastic over some slight wrong, a far greater one will be allowed to go unnoticed.

On the contrary the South is truly conservative. It is not led away by any ism, simply because it is something new. It understands itself thoroughly, knows what it believes and is sure of what it will do. Among them are no fanatics, or their numbers are so few that they make no impression upon the masses. In short, the Southern people are models of virtuous self-control, of spirited, earnest men and women, who cannot easily be thrown off their balance. And all this self righteous contrast is drawn forth by the fast of Dr. Tanner in New York, and the interest expressed there in the result.

The North is glad to know that the South has come to its senses, if it has really grown conservative in the way it claims. Northern people can bear the injustice of the charges made above, if assurred that the ism of States Rights is done with forever; if that of Ku Klux is swept into the past; if the fine frenzy of white autocracy over black inferiority has disappeared forever. Nothing can be more welcome to the North than to know that the South has become conservative in that way. It is willing to bear scorn and contumely, to be scoffed at because it has a fasting Doctor in whom it is interested, to be called cruel because it permits the experiment to go on; if only it can be convinced that the South has really become what it claims. Let us hear more about it no matter what the text.

THE New York *Tribune* says of the Spiritualist camp meeting at Neshaming Falls, near Philadelphia, that it is attended by large numbers from all over the country, but especially from the West, where are more believers than anywhere else except New England. It also says that most of those in attendance are practical men and women who have been groping for some faith and some heaven, headed by a few thoroughly educated people. No dancing or liquor is allowed on Sundays, and no medium or lecturer is admitted who is not of good moral character.

"DULL SEASON" STORIES.

Midsummer is as dull a season for the newspapers as for all other kinds of business. The sultry drouth dries up the fountains of news as it does the springs which feed the rivers. All the leading news manufacturers flee from the glowing streets and radiating walls for the island's isolation, the mountain's wildness, or the sea-shore's social attractions. Lawyers, merchants, physicians, politicians, and monied magnates each leave the respective places where for 10 months of the year they incessantly stir and beat up the waters of the great pool of life, and gain new energy for further efforts by tarrying for a few weeks where the pure waters and cooling breezes will rest and rejuvenate them. Even the first class burglar ceases his burgling; he leaves such low work as breaking into the houses of absentees to steal the plated ware and bric a brac, to the bunglers and amateurs in his art. With his pockets well filled by a successful campaign against the banks, in conjunction with his natural allies—the detectives and the porters who have the combination of the safes he

> Goes where he can hear the gentle brooks a-gurgling,
> —brooks a-gurgling,
> And listen to the merry village chime.
> —merry village chime.

But though all these people cease their own contributions to the great feast of news which the press daily spreads before its readers they insist, nevertheless, that the usual spice and fulness of the journalistic menu shall be kept up. Rather, they ask that it shall be much improved, because they have more leisure to read the papers, and they need the assistance of highly-flavored sensations to help them dispose comfortably of a leisure that frequently threatens to become ennuing. This is another instance of the hoary tyranny of requiring bricks though no straw be furnisht. The Hebrew Children of the pen—obeying the law of political economy which says that wherever there is a demand there will be an attempt at supply, set about coining figments of their imaginations which will have the vivid interest that items of real news possess at other seasons of the year. These are known to the profession as "dull season stories," and are made to order—of the managing editor—as regularly as market reports and news condensations.

These stories differ with the mental bias of the artists who are detailed to construct them. First class reporters, with a tendency to natural science and archæology, get up sea serpent stories, or accounts of discoveries of marvelous caves containing handsomely furnished apartments, with Greek or Roman or Egyptian ornamentation. Those of a sentimental turn of mind, who are usually striving to support a wife and six children on the salary of a third-class dry goods clerk, concoct ENOCH ARDEN romances, of more or less ingenious realism. They with Copperhead antecedents discover JOHN WILKES BOOTH alive in some remote corner of the world; and those of a historical turn of mind can always be detected by their resurrection of Marshal NEY, Marshal MURAT, or the Bourbon Dauphin in some of the thinly populated sections of the land. Others of a lower grade of ability and education find CHARLEY ROSS, discover double-headed babies, five-legged calves, children with the heads of animals, negros turning white, and white men black, etc.

As would be supposed, the quality of these stories improve from year to year, as their writers gain skill by repetition and practice. Still the improvement is not so great as one would imagine, from the general advance in everything else appertaining to journalism. This Summer's crop of "Dull Season Stories" is in some respects rather finer than last, but in others not so good. They are, as a rule, elaborated with more care, but they seem to have lost some of the wild free flavor of earlier years. There is more attention to details, but less richness of imagination. Some of the older devices seem to have been abandoned. We have had nothing yet about the sea-serpent nor the marvelous cave, and if there has been anything about a devil-fish with suckers like the supply pipe of a fire engine, destroying a luckless fisherman (which has been the regular thing every Summer since the publication of HUGO'S "Toilers of the Sea,") we have not seen anything of it. On the other hand, we have been furnished with some very ingenious novelties.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* opened the season with a very well-constructed story of a sailer—set ashore on one of the Aleutian Islands—having found in the boulders along the shore the original protoplasm, a sample of which, sent to the French Academy of Sciences, created the wildest sensation in that eminently learned body, who immediately telegraphed to secure a large invoice of the boulders, but unfortunately the exact location of the island had been forgotten by the captain and all the crew, and it will probably not be rediscovered until there is a necessity for another such a story next Summer. The treatment of the subject showed much preparatory reading of JULES VERNE, and a very fair talent in such matters, but we are sorry that the managing editor did not let the writer have another day at the work, so as to fit the different parts together a little more smoothly.

The New York *Sun's* most accomplished fictionists being kept hard at work on GARFIELD'S record, it has not done itself its usual credit on "Dull Season Stories." Its best effort was a revamping of an old snake story, which it located in Adams County, O., with a black snake so large that he carried full grown bucks from a flock of sheep, and finally a twelve year old girl, whereat the people of the neighborhood blew him up in his rocky den with dynamite. The story, besides having a theme already worn bald, was not of a symmetrical architecture, and still farther, it violated the first great rule of such stories, which is that no one shall be able to demonstrate that they are *not* true. People may doubt them as much as they please, but so long as their untruth cannot be proved, they serve their purpose. It was a great mistake, in the first place, to locate such a story in Ohio, and near a great city like Cincinnati, where such a thing could not have occurred without attracting general attention. If one of the *Sun's* really well-trained imaginationists could have spared a moment from his work on the De Golyer contracts to have revised the manuscript before it appeared, he would have seen this mistake and rectified it by changing the *locale* to Kentucky, and the neighborhood of the celebrated meat shower.

The Reading (Pa.) *Adler* has produced a story, that is now having a considerable run, about a boy getting a minnow two inches long in his ear while in swimming, which caused him indescribable agony for weeks, until some event—probably the recurrence of the annual washing of the boy's ears by his mother—led to its discovery and removal. Where the story is principally subject to criticism is in the assumption by the writer that boys have ears in which minnows two inches long can effectually conceal themselves. As the people of his County—Berks—are believed to be still voting for JACKSON, it is likely that ears of unusual dimensions are the rule among them, but outside of Pennsylvania boys are not so asinine in their auricles.

These are the best of the "Dull Season" productions. If any more gems of this kind come to our notice we will—unless too busy with the campaign—point their artistic excellences out to our readers.

SCAFFOLD SCENES.

Last Friday CHASTINE COX suffered the penalty of his crime of murdering MRS. HULL. He is reported to have maintained the utmost calmness all through the trying scenes that preceded the final act, to have gone to his death as quietly as he would have gone down town had he been free, and perfectly easy as to the hereafter.

The account of his death is only a repetition of that of almost all who are hung, and it does not seem to make much difference how many elements of horror are contained in the crimes. The perpetrator of the very worst, the most atrocious murder, is the one exhibiting often the greatest calmness, and expressing the most unshaken confidence in the future. It is all very well to talk about repentance, but the fact is a great deal of dependence cannot be placed upon sorrow for a wicked deed, when the foulest oaths are framed up to the last, and the most reckless defiance, or abject cowardice governs the actions. Not that the BLADE means to say there is nothing in these scaffold expressions of confidence in the Savior, but that they are so universal and just as strong in the mouth of one who has spent a life time of iniquity as in that of a person whose crime was the result of the impulse of a great and overwhelming passion, and the almost absolute certainty that it is the desire in many cases to challenge pity, these things produce a doubt as to the genuineness of repentance.

Of course no one has a right to say in individual cases what is genuine and what is not, but the absolute serenity of CHASTINE COX'S deportment up to the last, a sort of serenity which has characterized him from his arrest, brings up the question of how much of this was really due to the religion he claimed to have gained, and how much to a moral callousness combined with the animal courage which he undoubtedly possessed. At any rate he made a most edifying spectacle during his last moments.

And this brings us to another subject connected with the matter. It is perhaps *possible* that the sight of a man doomed to a violent death in a few moments, expressing his faith in JESUS and warning all present from the paths his feet have trod may produce a good effect upon the crowd permitted to gather around the scaffold. The BLADE does not believe it. The whole thing is demoralizing to the last degree. The criminal does not need the presence of a curious throng to watch his death throes. The watchers are only made familiar with horrors in a way to blunt what sensibilities they have. It is but a morbid curiosity that takes them there, and makes possible the scenes of tumultuous confusion that attended COX'S execution. There should be a law absolute enough to keep out all who have no duties connected with the affair, and it should be definite enough to prevent any favoring on the part of the officers. Though there has been a great change within a few years, farther reform is necessary.

"CAPT." A. M. HAMLIN, over whose removal from a low salaried clerkship in the Surgeon General's office the Democrats are making a huge howl, turns out to be a noisy fellow of very peculiar antecedents. He claimed that he who had done wonders in the war, was removed from his place for being a Democrat, and had been succeeded by a Rebel soldier. Inquiry into the facts of the case show that he never was a Captain, and was probably never in a battle, as he served in one of the last regiments sent from Illinois, to the field, and which did not participate in a single engagement. He was appointed to a temporary clerkship on the recommendation of Sens. DAVIS and LOGAN, who took pity on the man's necessities after he had been discharged by the Democratic Sergeant-at-Arms from the Capital Police for general worthlessness. At that time he made a savage assault upon the Democratic officials and Senators for their manner of treating an old soldier, but his character was so low that the Republican papers refused to print his letters. He was discharged from the Surgeon General's office by reason of the expiration of his appointment, June 30, and dozens more were dropt for the same reason, as is the case at the end of every fiscal year.

ONE single act of Mr. ENGLISH'S will show the depths of his Doughfaceism. In 1860 he introduced a bill which made the City, Township or County in which a slave was rescued from his master liable to double the amount of the value of the same. This is a specimen of the abject groveling of the Northern Democrats before the Slave Power. There was no work too dirty or despicable for them to do in the service of their masters. They anticipated commands to do this villainous service, by doing it before it was asked of them. The War interrupted this kindly relation between the Southern Lords and their Northern serfs, but both are now working anxiously for its restoration. A Northern Democrat seems to feel lost without a Southerner to boss him.

DOWN on Coney Island, last Friday night, eight sea lions and three mammoth turtles fought their way out of the Aquarium and started off upon a sea voyage by themselves. At last accounts they had not returned, and the surf-bathers are rather timid about venturing into the water, being in some fear of the company they may find.

NASBY.

The Corners Become Tremendously Agitated over a very Important Event—The Matter of Pensioning Confederate Soldiers.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
July 20, 1880.

The Corners is in a blaze of eggscitement. In the Looisville papers wich we receeved here last week, there cum an account uv a Confedrit soljer, wich, ez seon ez he heerd uv the nominashen uv Hancock, and fully bleevin in his eleckshun, immejitly filed his petishon for a penshun.

The Confederit stated boldly in his applicashen that he hed never bin in the servis uv the Yoonitid States, but that he hed served four years in the Confederit army, and bleeved that he wuz entitled to a penshun the same ez tho he hed worn the bloo instid uv the gray.

In less than a minit there wuz the wildest eggscitement the Corners hez seen sense the surrender uv Lee. The citizens gathered about Bascom's by the hundred, and there wuz but one opinyun about it.

"Ef the crooel war is reely over," sed Capt. McPelter, "and the era of good feelin is reely goin to be inoggerated by the eleckshun of Hancock, why contin-yoo these worn-out distinkshuns? Ef we understand the posishen uv the Dimocrisy, the late onpleasantuis wuz merely a difference of opinyun between the two seckshuns, wich led to armies and sich. But ez neither side wuz conkered, and ez the war meant nothin at all, all traces uv it shood be immejitly obliteratid. Ez men from the North took up arms, the country pays them penshuns. Now wat I want to know is why men from the South wich took up arms shood not be paid penshuns likewise? We both fit for our noshuns, and both wuz ekally meritorious. It is the dooty uv a re-united country to cement fraternel feelin and how kin it be done ez well ez by payin both sides penshuns."

The speech wuz receeved with more applause than any speech I hev heerd for yeers, and immejitly it wuz resolved that every man in the Corners wich hed served in the Confedrit armies shood forthwunst file his clame so ez to git in early.

There wuz a rush like that uv a circus-wagon. Every citizen uv the Corners hed, immejitly, a strong recolleckshun uv hevin bin in the Confedrit servis, incloodin suthin like fifty wich hed sekkored pensions already for servisses in the Fedrel army.

Deekin Pogram filed a petishun settin forth that while he wuz never reglerly enlisted in the Confedrit servis, he hed contractid a severe roomatism bushwhackin Fedrel pikkits, doorin Garfield's invashen uv the sacred soil, and wuz entitled to a penshun on that skore.

Issaker Gavitt set forth that while he hed not sholdered his muskit in the feeld, he spent six months in Injeany assistin the Knights uv the Golden Cirkle in resistin drafts and sich, and in votin the Dimocratik tikkit, wich wuz uv more servis to the Confederacy than ez tho he hed reglerly enlisted.

I put in my clame for three months' service with the Looisianer Pelikins, wich indulged in more foot-races than any Regiment in the Confederacy, and also for organizin draft riots in Ohio.

Bascom claimed a penshun on the score uv keepin his bar open late at nite for the refreshment uv Deekin Pogram and others on their return from bushwhackin.

Mahlon, Pettus hed actilly served with Forrest, and partissipated in the massacre at Fort Piller. To prove it he hed the thigh-bone of a nigger soljer, wich his sister (wich is a artist) hed carved with appropriate inscripshuns.

All the citizens uv the Corners, with the eggseepshun uv Pollock and Joe Bigler, rushed in, and they come so fast that it was impossible to take their names.

To simplify the matter, Bascom sejested that a Committee be appinted to file the claims, and that this Committy shood copy the tax list, and forrerd all the names onto it, ez entitled to penshuns.

There wuz a immejit dissent from this, for there wuz only ten or a dozen names on the tax list, and they wuz mostly radikels.

Here my genius shone out.

"We will not yoose the tax-list," sed I, "but rather the pollsheet uv the last eleckshun. All that we permittud to vote in this precinct may justly clame to be confedrits, and we shel git all wich is really entitled to considerashun."

This sejestion wuz adoptid, and I am bizzy at work makin out their applicashens.

Two onpleasantnisis okkurred. Sam. Pettibone cum up to be enrolled for his penshun, and showed that he had served in the 10th Alabama. I wuz a puttin him down when Issaker Gavitt interfered.

"Sam, you can't play that onto me," said Issaker. "You did enlist in the 10th Alabama, but you desertid. Ez much ez I want to bring capitle to the Corners the Yoonitid States ain't agoin to pay penshuns to a man which desertid the Confedracy in her hour uv need."

Sam's name wuz immejitly stricken off the role. There is a great deel uv spartan virchoo in the Corners.

Another trouble okkurred with Smith Peyton. He come and claimed to be put down ez bein entitled to a penshun.

"But you served in the Fedrel army," objectid Issaker.

"Troo," sed Smith, "but I desertid, and hev votid the Dimekratik tikket without a scratch, ever sence."

His case wuz taken into consideration, and it wuz finelly decidid that his name shood be entered. With these triflin excepshuns everything wuz harmonious.

I find that every citizen uv the Corners, exceptin Pollock and Bigler wuz in the Confedrit servis, either ez a actooal soljer, or in sum way engaged in promotin its interests. We shel insist, to put us on a compiete equality with the Fedrels, that these penshuns shel date back to the beginnin uv the war, and intrest shel be compounded from that date to this. Also that each one shel hev the same land-grants, and all the addishnel pay that the Fedrels hev receeved. Likewise, inasmuch ez the Confedrit money wuz'n good for nothin, that each Confedrit soljer shel receeve pay for the entire time he wuz in the Confedrit servis, the same ez Fedrel soljers, with an addishnel allowance to make up for the insufficiency rashens he receeved while in the feeld.

The effeck upon the Corners is miraculous. Bascom is so certin uv the eleckshun uv Hancock and the payment uv these claims that he hez opend a system uv credit, and the Corners is gittin now all the likker it wants.

Will the Dimocrisy uv the North disappint us? Is this golden era to be made a reality or will they permit the eleckshun uv Garfeeld and set us back wher we wuz? I cannot bleeve it. Kentucky will go its hull dooty for Hancock.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(JUDAISANT.)

INHUMAN OUTRAGE.

The following paragraph is clipped from a leading New York paper:

> A woman was tarred and feathered in Middletown, Vt., on Thursday night. She is said to have been taken out of a house by a party of masked persons—whether male or female is not known—divested of every article of clothing and given a thorough coating with tar and feathers. She begged for mercy, but her plea was not heeded. Her offence was the desertion of her husband and children last Winter. It is a story almost too horrible to believe.

If this is true it is an offence that should be punished with the utmost severity that the law allows. Because this woman committed the sin of deserting her husband and children, is no reason why her neighbors should turn themselves into savages. People have a right to suspect such sudden and violent outbursts of virtue. We should not be afraid to wager a considerable sum that this same Middletown, indignant and resentful, contains scores of individuals more deserving of a cost of tar than this woman, erring though she was. The only difference is that her offence was open, while theirs is yet hidden from public view.

Middletown is probably much like Glasgow, Scotland, whose indignation at the proposition to run street cars upon Sunday was referred to in the BLADE a few days ago, while at the same time she is one of the most vicious cities in civilized Europe. No possible headway against vice can be made by any hypocritical assumption of virtue. This wife who left her husband, this mother who deserted her children, is only one among many men and women who, sad as it is, do the same thing each year, and yet no other community has seen fit to turn itself into a masked mob in order to punish the offender. It proves that Middle town morals needs looking after. Meantime a little wholesome application of law would be a good thing. Every one of those masked ruffians should be traced out and made to suffer for such an outrage upon common decency and humanity.

WE regret to say that we can see no change for the better in Democratic campaign poetry. Like the party's principles as *personelle* it never improves, and that of 1880 is as villainous as that of 1876. The following extracts from what is claimed to be the best campaign song of the season, shows that the Democratic poets know as little of prosody as their candidate does of finance and State craft:

> In the war he led his soldiers,
> Skilfully the battle through,
> Yet while fighting still delighting
> In the peace he brought them to.
>
> CHORUS:
> Hurrah for Hancock! hurrah for Hancock!
> For he is the people's man;
> Hurrah for Hancock! hurrah for Hancock!
> Let Garfield beat him if he can.
>
> So rally, freemen, around the banner
> Which our party now unfolds;
> 'Twill lead to glory; 'twill tell a story
> Of great things the future holds.

THE saloon keepers in Chicago do not seem to have much confidence in the Mayor's stability. Last week he ordered a raid upon some of the most disreputable of the dens upon State street to the great disgust of the denizens. But they say it will not last, only it makes them a little temporary trouble. Mayor HARRISON, however, insists that they will find themselves mistaken, and those familar with Chicago cannot but hope that he will remain firm.

WHOSE FAULT!

Nearly every mail brings us one or more letters from correspondents who fail either to sign their names to their letters, or neglect to give their postoffice address. Here are some of the latest:

P. C. Merton, P. M., Allinwood—no State.

W. H. Dukeshier, no postoffice, Buchanan County, Mo., contains 50c for a book.

No postoffice, County or State. Contains $1.75.

St. Johnsville, no State, contains $1.50

N. Buggs, P. M.

Letter signed W. A. Thompson, P. M., Clare, Mich., contains no money.

Letter containing 50c., dated Clarksville, Johnson County, Ark., no signature.

Letter containing 50c., signed Baker & Photo, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing 50c., signed A. H. Kirk, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1, signed A. Tidball, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.15, from Chanute, Neosho Co., Kan., no name attached.

WHAT EVERY ONE SHOULD HAVE.

Few people who are accustomed, even from childhood to the pages of the Bible, know how full of interest and instruction are the lives of the various prominent characters who are mentioned in its pages. The "Bible Biography," a work just issued by the Locke Publishing Company, is designed especially to cover this ground, and so ably has the works been performed that it has met with the warmest encouragement and approbation everywhere. It is magnificently illustrated by Dore and others, and includes 30 dissertations on the evidence of divine revelation, biographies of all the prominent men and women mentioned in the scriptures, and contains a mass of matter which no one at all interested in biblical matters can afford to be without. The volume will be printed in a style commensurate with its importance, and the sale cannot but be very large. A postal addressed to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, will bring full particulars, including terms to agents.

A PERMANENT INVESTMENT.

There is probably no investment in the way of books which proves so permanent and to entirely satisfactory as a good Family Bible. Beautifully printed and bound and elegantly illustrated Bibles are now within the reach of all, thanks to the enterprise of the Locke Publishing Company, of Toledo. Sample pages showing the styles of paper and type, with specimens of illustrations and bindings, will be sent free to any address on receipt of 15 cents. Subscribers ordering single copies or sending for specimen pages should in all cases address the BLADE. Agents who wish to handle a very desirable and saleable line of Bibles will find it greatly to their advantage to address the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., for terms to agents.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Dyspepsia and Nervousness.

The late Winslow Lewis, M. D., the distinguished physician of Boston, said: "Having in my own person experienced those ills for which the Acid Phosphate is prescribed, I, having found great relief and alleviation by its use, most cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Supervising Inspector General Dumont, say there will be a thorough investigation of the "Narragansett" disaster, let the blame fall where it will.——A man named Peter Peterson, and a girl known as Annie Conner, who were married last Summer, have been divorced in New York, upon the accidental discovery that they were both illegitimate children of the same mother.——An invalid named Clara Bissell, has mysteriously disappeared from her home in Cairo, Ill.——Two children of M. Schoenlaber, were accidently killed by a mowing machine near Keokuk.——The census just taken will show the population of the United States to be over 48 millions.——The wife of Rev. B. V. Denning, was burned to death at Council Grove, Kan., by her dress igniting from the fire in the kitchen stove.——Alfred Evans, of Marion, O., killed himself because his wife had obtained a divorce.——An Englishman named Ralph Gibbons was fatally beaten by unknown robbers at Pottsville, Pa., last week.——Hereafter owners of vessels trading with France will not have to pay broker's fees.——The men in the small boat which left East Gloucester, Mass., June 10, for England, have been spoken in mid-ocean.——Sec. Thompson made a strong speech at Denver, Wednesday.——The Turkish military institutions are to be re-organized by German officers.——Gen. Grant's family was robbed of $400 worth of jewelry during their stay at Manitou.——The members of the San Francisco Exchange want an inter oceanic canal.——The damages to the Polar expedition steamer "Gulnare" are very slight.——Mrs. Mary Roddy died under mysterious circumstances in Cincinnati, and her husband is suspected.——An escaped convict ravished a colored girl near Louisville, Wednesday, and then murdered her. He is now in jail.——A respectable man of family named Jump, living near Baltimore, Md., seduced a young girl of 16, named Melvina, whose brother took a club and pounded the old reprobate to a state of insensibility.——Dr. Tanner, the 40-day faster, has received a proposal of marriage from an infatuated Philadelphia woman.——While intoxicated, Andrew Carman, living at Gallipolis, O., was thrown out of a buggy and had his neck

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

A Serious Talk About Children—Some Tendencies of the Time—Training Them for Disaster.

NEW YORK, July 25th.

The City never seemed more welcome or more comfortable than on coming back yesterday, for a refitting interval, before being off for fresh fields and pastures new. To be sure the usual American temper showed itself, and the usual American variety of incident, when the ferry boat left the Thirty-fourth street dock before her time to hinder the boat of a rival line from entering the slip, and prevent its making time. The two boats were meeting just outside the slip, and collision looked instant, the passengers had sprung from their seats expecting the shock, for huge boats are unwieldy things to manage, and don't obey the helm like the hand of a watch. The horror of the "Narragansett" and the "Adelaide," which are in the mind of every traveler as his own possible fate, rushed vividly upon us, and for one sick minute I thought this world had come to its end for us. But the mad pilots had to remember that they would be accountable for a few score lives, and brought the boats to a stand within 10 feet of each other. The Harlem boat, which had the right of way, was forced to back, and let us go on and live. The only wonder is that the able-bodied men on board did not walk up to the Captain, and either compel him to a lively sense of the errors of his ways, or throw him into the middle of the stream. So far as any one could learn, not one of the creatures whose lives were periled, offered one word of remonstrance against being cut to pieces or drowned by the rivalry of two petty lines of ferry boats.

"The reason no one says anything about such things," said a man who has as much sense as the average, "is that no man has the time to spare from his business or pursuits."

"But you had time," I insisted, astonished at the hardy confession. "There was time before we got across for you to make some sort of impression on that captain."

"Well, if I had, what do you think would have come of it? The captain would have just said to me, 'Young man, I am running this boat,' and that would have ended it." Then I wished my friend and every other man who is too much in a hurry to protest against carelessness which risks his own life and hundreds of others, would get hurt in a collision, and I am quite sure I mean it. And this little escape brings up a matter which has often led many to wonder and ponder of late.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN TRAINING.

The investigation of the disaster on the river Tay in Scotland, has just taken place, where in a wild wind storm, an evening train loaded with passengers seeking their homes was swept with the bridge it was crossing into the river, and hundreds of lives lost.

The survivors have not left off their deepest mourning for the Ashtabula disaster, the dead are hardly all found from the Narragansett and the Seawanhaka, and the sudden and cruel cutting down of the yatch Mamie, with its choir boys going home from their yearly excursion is the last grisly tale. This is but a single class of accident and a small one. Last year 30,000 people died in New York City, from the bad air, in excess of the ordinary death-rate, who ought to be alive to-day. This year the number will be greater. And this sort of slaughter is a sin, which every city in the land shares, for want of proper care of the health within its borders. Leaving the loss of life and limb, what sufferings happens each year from the loss of property, not by the will of Heaven, from storm or fire, but by the carelessness and dishonesty of men? The terrible thing about all this increasing misery is, that no one thinks it worth while to protest. The sin of the time is wanton, hideous, barbarous insensibility. Men are careless of the lives and fortunes, not only of others, but of their own, and recklessly, infamously careless of their morals, rights and liberties. You must own this, by looking at any of the wrongs and losses which come within your own knowledge. Of the acts of oppression and neglect happening in your own range how many cases have the sufferers themselves tried vigorously to right, and in how few have others shown any real interest.

THE CAUSE OF OBTUSENESS.

There is just one reason for this state of things, which, had I time to draw it, with the recklessness and oppression of one day, in great things and small, would make you think with truth, that the dark ages have not yet more than passed their noon. That reason is neither more nor less than the neglect of the hearts and consciences of children. I fear that close inspection must prove training for exactness, for responsibility and care to be left out of our elaborate schemes of modern education. Do children find at home the training which makes them finish a piece of work once begun, or which rivets their eyes on a trust and forbids their taking chances in matters of business or life? Are they taught to consider others as well as themselves, and feel that the lowest pauper in town has rights which forbid boys to taunt or girls to sneer at him? A hasty word dropped now and then, wiped out in the indulgent smile at their grimaces and acute-ness, does not fix conscientiousness or mercy in their minds. They hear at home much talk about "keeping up with the rest," and "looking as well as anybody," and "style," that word which will yet damn American pride and privileges—about making money and getting the better of others. It is safe to say they hear a hundred words about these things to one about sincerity, unselfishness, and trustiness. What do they hear at school? Much about keeping the standard of the class, about elective courses, about graduating and marking, they are stimulated in mathematics and pushed in German. They are anxiously helped in the country schools through interest, a trifle of bookkeeping and commercial handwriting; in the City schools they are taught to write out their problems and to use expensive text books, and give the teachers as little trouble as possible, they are treated to dips in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the molecular theory; they can give you very glibly Prof. Whitney's version of the origin of language, and condense all English literature for your benefit. The Sunday schools teach the geography of Asia Minor and the approved shade of the belief held by their particular church. But all questions capable of direct decision, between man and man, are met with the answer, "this is something which every one must decide for himself." Yes, but pray how are children to decide on the hourly questions between their own rights and the rights of others, between duties that must be performed at all hazards and duties which have their time and place, between aims which ought to engross their strength and purpose, and aims which should be secondary, between the must be done and the may be done, without careful teaching and decisions made for them? The son goes into business, and the anxiety is not that he may do his work thoroughly, be fair and just to his fellow man, and keep his place in the world as part of the great machine, which will put a hundred other parts out of gear if he fails. No, the aim is promotion, increase of salary, pleasing the proprietor, "doing well," which always means making and getting ahead. To intrigue for the place of another, to run down the standing of a rival by depreciation in matters which have nothing to do with business, to promise more than he ever means to fulfil, or can fulfil, to make world-wide fuss over cheap, tawdry success, to puff, to cheat and cringe is the lesson of the young business man of to-day. The daughters are led through such an incense of licensed flattery, and hear so much about woman's influence and possibilities, that it is no wonder they grow up, firmly believing themselves infallible and invincible. Ah, believe me, the poor, the dependent see a different side of life and of human nature from that we are always praising and which we find so noble and beautiful. There are few exquisite women and high minded men who are lovable and respectable from the very clear point of view which the poor cousin or the employee gets of them. There is much in the world of showy devotion and benevolence, but what is the reason we hear of so many moral failures, members of the church honored men and women suddenly sinking into shame and disgrace, catastrophes as terrible as any disasters by sea or land? How much influence have these beautiful and highdown notions of honor and self esteem which perfume the pages of our reading and occasional conversation to restrain a wandering desire, or prop conscience and will in the strain of temptation which comes to every one? Your fine sentiments are ropes of cloud compared with the power of instincts of faith and principle woven into the consciousness from childhood. We leave this forming to chance, and the result is the risks and tragedies of society. Hardly a day on the Hudson river without an escape as close and startling as that I have told at the beginning of this letter, and in life and morals, a hundred risks are run, and a hundred petty losses and frights happen to one overwhelming disaster. Alas, it is the habit of running small risks which ensures the great and sorrowful loss at last. What use is it for me to try to make my boy understand that when he carries a kerosene lamp, he must keep it out of the draft; or, when he cleans his gun the oily rags must not be left in a closet or about the stove? If I send him away from the table to pick up the dangerous rags, or call him away from play to put the gun in its place, I am set down by all the women within reach as a hard, heartless, unsympathizing mother. But it was leaving oily waste about the fireplace, and just forgetting to leave the air vent open, by the firemen of the "Seawanhaka," which set her on fire two weeks ago, in the East River, and lost 23 lives, close on shore. If I insist that my boy shall study when he studies, and play when he plays, shall look closely after his saddle girths when he rides, and the plug in his boat when he rows; if he has to see the swings are safe at the picnic, and when he drives, is to watch his horses as much as the pretty girls he is with; in short to make whatever bit of business he is at, the sole thing in life for the time, it is that he may never be off the lookout in foggy weather, and that he may know the signal of danger when he hears it, and above all, may learn to hold human life, safety and happiness above all ambition, pleasure or gain. But let you or I, in the present flippant state of feeling, try to train a boy so, and what help are we to look for from friends and neighbors? The reproach of being fossilized, old fogyish, and behind the century is the lightest of the penalty. The more serious dread is that their influence in a few careless words of injudicious sympathy or sneers may undo all that patient years of care attempt for the child itself.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTERS FROM BUCKEYE.

A Remarkable Incident in the History of the Democratic Party.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

WASHINGTON, July 20, 1880.

In the old days of superstition men of piety and faith were accustomed to pay due attention to departed saints. On occasions of doubt or danger they made pilgrimages to the shrines of the distinguished dead and offered oblations to those who, in their lifetime, had been strong in the confidence of the people. We all remember what processions of pious Englishmen sought the tomb of Thomas A. Becket, and what crowds gathered at the burial place of the Arabian prophet.

But no act of piety in the past ages can quite equal in beauty and solemnity the pilgrimage recently made by the Democratic National Committee, in its robes of office, to the shrine of the departed statesman whose name is the embodiment of Democratic reform. There are so many who remember with superstitious reverence the power that Mr. Tilden once exerted that they naturally turn to the shrine of his departed greatness in the hope of calling out some measure of the same potency, to help them in this hour of their anxieties and fears, now that he is gone.

That the Democratic party have felt a real admiration for Mr. Tilden no one need doubt. Never, before his time, did they fully understand what a skillfully managed barrel could do. And although they witnessed its effects in evading taxes, in escaping punishments, in managing suits at law, in wrecking and reconstructing Railroads, in manipulating stocks, and in various other operations, it was not till they saw its power in a great National election that they fully realized the beauty of its operations and its transcendent importance. It was so quiet and yet so efficient! It was the silent, underground stream whose course nobody could trace; and when the cypher dispatches revealed all that it had done and was capable of doing they saw, as never before, what a power Mr. Tilden was. He had persuaded the country editors, influenced the corner groceries, made missionaries of the drinking saloons, put in motion the mule buyers, and tempted the Presidential electors. It seemed as if there was nothing on the market from a Registration officer to the bench of a Supreme Court—from a Returning Board to a State Legislature, the price of which was not ascertained and considered and the money ready in case the goods would be delivered.

The whole Democratic party was moved with admiration at such marvelous effects, and when they saw how narrowly they had escaped that accession to supreme power which was the one thing for which they had longed and waited, their regard for Mr. Tilden was unbounded and they re echoed the cry of "fraud" which he had started with genuine enthusiasm. But alas! they could not re-nominate him, because they knew that John Kelley would defeat him in spite of all that the barrel could do.

Although they know all about the Cronin Electoral College, the astonishing decisions of South Carolina Judges, the negotiations with the Southern Returning Boards, the marvelous buying power of Pelton and Smith Weed and Manton Marble, and John F. Coyle; and traced the cypher dispatches and the money drafts to Mr. Tilden's own dwelling; yet the barrel was their master, and they voted him honest and pure, and hoped to see the same potent hand moving the wires in behalf of Hancock and English, or, if that was not possible, the staying of that dexterous hand from using its silent thunder against their candidates.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that they undertook this strange pilgrimage. But was there ever an offering of his covered with such sweet smelling odors? Gov. Stevenson, of Kentucky, who was spokesman of the pilgrims, and presented the incense which was to be a sweet smelling savor in Mr. Tilden's nostrils said the duty of the committee would be only half done "if they did not come to pay homage to him, who by a *large majority*, was elected President four years ago." He then referred to "your noble, self-denial in laying down all your claims for that office," and "in relinquishing all your claims for a *second term*," and took occasion to speak again of his "noble and straightforward character," his "self denial and patriotism" and his "patriotism, virtue and excellent statesmanship."

How does that sound in the ears of those who have heard of the evasions of the income tax, the cypher dispatches and the Cronin electoral college? But we are told by Mr. Stevens that this man of "straightforward character" relinquished his claims to the great office to which he had been elected, because he "did not desire civil war." What then, becomes of the charge so frequently made by a portion of the Democratic press that in a cowardly spirit he backed down from his true position and did not have the manliness to stand by his rights?" Again, who told Gov. Stevenson that Mr. Tilden was elected President by a *large majority*. Clearly, if he was elected at all, he must have been elected by the constitutional authority, which was the electoral college. But the majority in that body was not large—it was so small that the Democrats called it in question and organized the Electoral Commission to decide what it really was. If Gov. Stevenson refers to the popular vote, as he probably does, he is still wider of the truth; for the popular vote, as every body knows, does not elect the President. His words are therefore absolutely false in whatever light they are regarded

Again, who told Gov. Stevenson that Mr. Tilden exercised a "patriotic act of self denial" in relinquishing his claims on the people for a *second term*." Even if he was as much entitled to a *first term* as the Democrats contend, it was still a thing which he never possessed; and his great grievance is that it was given to another. And, if he did not have a *first term* how could he have any claims to *relinquish* for a *second term*?

What makes this studied drama so ludicrous, not to say so disgusting, is its utter insincerity. It was the enacting of a lie from beginning to end. The committee knew that Mr. Tilden was not the "straightforward and noble character" that they represented; they knew that he never was elected President by a majority, *large* or *small*; they knew that he did not relinquish his claims on the party from any patriotic motives; and the whole object of the pious fraud which they enacted was to smooth down his feathers and induce him to keep his mysterious fingers out of the fray.

Meantime no pilgrimage was made to John Kelley; and the effect of this deceitful piece of mockery on the chief whom the Tammany chieftain commanded may be more than sufficient to overbalance all the good produced by this large cup of soothing syrup. We await the result with the utmost equanimity.

BUCKEYE.

The Republican Outlook—The Contest in the October States — The Strongest Weapons in the Hands of the Republicans—The South.

Correspondence of Toledo BLADE.

WASHINGTON, July 23.

As the political campaign advances it can be seen that it shapes well for the Republican ticket, and that the attempt to cloak the follies and crimes of the Democratic party by the nomination of a gallant Union soldier is not likely to answer its purpose. The course of the party has been so selfish, so unpatriotic, so disloyal to principle, so temporizing and time serving that it does not bear exposure, and it is easy to see that the first guns of the campaign have made an impression against the works of the enemy.

In consequence of the one-sided and partisan action of a Democratic count in Indiana, the verdict of the people of that State against a preliminary election has been set aside, and they are not only to have the usual October contest, but it is to be the battle of the Nation—the contest which, if it goes against the Democratic party, will virtually decide the Presidential election. If the Republicans fail to carry Indiana in October they will lose nothing, and only stand as they did before; but if the Democrats lose it the result will be a concession that the Presidential election is lost, and the Republicans, a month later, will walk over the course. Hence it is that so much importance is attached to the indications in that State and that Indiana will be the battle-field of the war. Ohio is also an October State, but as your State is generally conceded to the Republicans the main interest will gather around Indiana.

I have said in the course of this correspondence that the argument is so strongly with the Republicans that they will have a decided advantage in conducting the campaign. This is obvious at the very outset, wherever it has been actively begun. In Indiana the speeches of Comptroller Porter and Sec. Schurz have inspired a confidence and aroused an enthusiasm altogether unusual at so early a period. Indeed the effect is so marked as to attract the attention of all who are earnestly looking for indications. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Dem.) is advised by one of its Indiana correspondents that, "as the case stands to day the Republicans would carry the State by 6 000 votes." The New York *Herald*, which hailed the nomination of Hancock with the usual outburst of enthusiasm, has come to the conclusion that the walls of the Republican Jericho are not going to tumble at the blast of the Democratic ram-horns, and that they will not come down at all unless the Democrats can prove "to the country that they are fit to win and capable of governing," which of course they cannot do.

But it is not in Indiana alone that it begins to be seen that the first blow still. Gen. Dumont, who has just returned to this City from an extended tour of inspection on the Pacific and in the Western States, says that the Democratic claims of strength in that quarter are without foundation. In Oregon, according to his report, the nomination of Hancock is received coldly, while that of Garfield awakens wide enthusiasm; and the case is not very different in Nevada. He says that the Republican ticket will carry all the Pacific States. On his return he saw many people in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and he declares that if the expression which he got from all kinds of people is any indication of the current in tide of Northern sentiment he must have no doubt of the result.

A reporter of the Washington *Republican* claims that he has obtained some indications from a prominent Democrat which are of more value than all the Hancock gush on the market. He says that the person to whom he refers is a large traveller and that he holds close intercourse with all kinds of people He has been through Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin and other States, and the result of this large intercourse with the people is to convince him that his party cannot win He says that there is a general shrinkage from Democratic ascendency. The impression among those who are not politicians but vote the Democratic ticket is that it is not quite safe as yet, to entrust the Government of the country to the Democratic party, because that party is ruled by the South and the South has not proved itself to be trustworthy. He says that the nomination of Hancock, although not largely applauded, is generally satisfactory, but that the people are distrustful of the power which will stand behind him if he should be elected and that this policy will keep large numbers from the polls who, if they went, would vote the Democratic ticket. No names are given and the party interviewed may be a fiction; but the course suggested is what might well be expected from the common sense of the American people.

Meantime the situation in the South is scarcely improved and no confidence is felt that the elections will be anything like fair, or that the solid front of the old rebellion will be broken. Reports from Georgia, Alabama and other States show that Republican meetings are broken up by gangs of roughs and that terrorism is to be the order of the day though all the South. No longer ago than yesterday Sen. Bruce had a long interview with the President in relation to the persecution of Republicans in his State (Mississippi.) He represented that the old "Mississippi plan" was being revived all over the State and that Republicans would have to withdraw from the field if they were not supported and their rights defended and maintained by the strong arm of power. Of course the President was desirous to have all citizens protected in their rights, but nothing effectual is likely to be done and probably nothing effectual can be done.

You may have noticed that Messrs. Blair, Teller and Kirkwood, the Republican minority of the Wallace Committee, make an argument to show that under the guarantee clause of the constitution the Government is bound to protect the purity of the suffrage because without such protection they cannot guarantee to every State a Republican form of government. Their argument in brief is this: After proving from the Federalist and other authorities that the American idea of a Republican Government is a Government in which the great body of the people appoints and controls those who administer it, and that as this power of appointment and administration is through the suffrage, a Republican form of Government cannot be guaranteed without taking care that every man is defended in his right to vote. But, in looking at the argument, it seemed to me that they have not sufficiently considered the force of the word *term* as it is used in the construction. The Nation has no sufficient machinery for going into a State and protecting its citizens in all their rights. This duty belongs primarily to the State, and hence all that the Constitution provides for is the Republican *frame-work* of the State. When this is Republican the end of the Constitution seems to be answered, the details being left to the State. The Nation has the machinery for executing its own laws, and for protecting its own elections, but beyond this it can hardly go. The President, it is understood, intends to do something more in this regard than he has done, but with no money to pay special election officers, and Congress using its utmost endeavors to tie his hands, no efficient system of protection can probably be devised. The best protection which the Republicans of the South can have is a Republican Administration, backed and sustained by a Republican Congress.

BUCKEYE.

CHICAGO LETTER.

The Heated Term in the Summer Resort—The Babies' Floating Hospital—Water Supply—News Gossip.

CHICAGO, July 19.

The weather has been the only topic in which sweltering humanity could be at all interested in. Our much talked of "Summer resort" has been fairly tested by five days of excessive furnace heat. Chicago claims a special agency for the Manitoba wave, when we have oozed and sweltered and sworn as no other Christian can, the agency flops over on the side of humanity and sends a message, I guess, by telephone, maybe to the man who keeps the Manitoba Refrigerator House, and in a few minutes, just when we have resolved to let go of this wicked hot world, and lay down any place and die, the cool wave comes! So does new life, the dim tired eyes open again with a new resolution to live a little longer, the cheeks flush to the usual healthy glow, and we drink long draughts of cool, fresh air, fervently thanking the agency, and kindly consent to spare a portion of the wave to those who have not the good fortune to live in our sanctified City.

Many deaths have occurred within the last week, regardless of the sanitary precautions taken by the Health Officers A great portion of the City is terribly endangered by the loathesome, filthy Chicago river. All can not live on the avenues or lake shore—rents are cheap along the river and canal. The poor laborer, with his numerous family is obliged to live in the midst of the city's offal, for that is really all the river contains, as the sewerage of all the west side is emptied into the river. It would cost the City millions of dollars to clean and remedy this terrible evil and this is why they hesitate.

Several wealthy gentlemen and charitably inclined Ladies have done a noble deed in erecting a floating Hospital for babies and sick mothers. The idea is novel. The spot selected is on North pier or off Lincoln Park. The pier is built about 150 feet wide and very long; a canvass awning covers about 200 feet, under which there are placed cradles, hammocks, swings, chairs, cots with soft, white pillows; a dairy, with fresh, new milk, and crackers and "pap," with no end of other useful forethoughts for the little ones who frequent the locality of the nasty Chicago River. Daily from from 400 to 600 babies are nursed and fed in this way. A boat leaves at Clark street and makes four trips daily, each time loaded down with mammas, nurses and babies, some only a few days old, with red, wrinkled faces, so small that it takes a microscope to find them, unless they instinctively raise up a howl as no one but a year-old babe could accomplish. Every boat load is of course gathered from the poorest classes. The effect is wonderful. The little sickly babe grows up into a chubby little mischief before the Summer closes. It is no expense to the parents. They can stay all day to be fed with pure food, breathe the pure air, go home and sleep, or those who should be too ill can rest in the cottage provided for them near the park by Gen. Stockton, who takes great active interest in the institution. In the midst of heat and foul air many lives are saved in this way and it does not cost much. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

The city's water supply, though enormous, is not sufficient in case of fire or accident to an engine. The average gallons of water pumped from the two engines are from 88,000 000 to 100,000 000 daily. The present pipe system equals 450 miles, with an increase every month. A year ago the City Engineer and several business men suggested to the Mayor to have one or two more engines put to work in the central part of the City. He has just sent in his appeal to the Council.

The census fully reported has brought in the handsome figure of 503,000 inhabitants for Chicago. Many of our families have gone to the little Saratogas of the West—Geneva Lake and Oconomowoc—with rations and tents for a few weeks of camp life:

"Where breezes are soft, and skies are fair
To steal an hour from study and care—
And the away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink."

Probably remaining away until the Knight Templar's conclave.

Those who stay at home are entertained in various ways. The comic opera season will close this week, when the four principal theatres will be closed for repairs for the first time in four years In the Autumn the season will open in bright, gayly painted houses.

The race track is kept in constant use by the Jockey boys. Next week the Third Annual Trotting meeting begins. The races are well patronized here, as in Toledo, many ladies taking great interest, and every day add a great scene to the exciting spectacle.

DIXIE

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

For over 38 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhœa and Dysentary, taken internally; and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blotches and Swellings, externally; and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it, even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by the druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, No. 42 Murray street, New York

A PERSONAL INSULT.

Hancock's Treatment of His Men Amounts to That to Each of Them.

Two Men Who Fought Under "the Corset" Testify to His Insulting Treatment.

Kansas City Journal.

Hancock has been paraded from Maine to California and from Minnesota to the Gulf as the idol of the Second Army Corps, his old command, until the average Democrat imagines that all the old soldiers who served under him are just crazy to vote for him next Fall, but there are some things connected with his career which indicate that instead of his old soldiers voting for him they will unite against him in as solid masses as they did when they attacked the enemy in Virginia. As a sample of the position in which Hancock is held, a *Journal* reporter interviewed Mr. Jerry Ward yesterday. Ward fought under Hancock and tells the story in a cool, deliberate way, which, added to his fine reputation in the community, will obtain for his story the credit of exact truthfulness. Upon entering the printing office of Ward & Tew, 512 Main street, Mr. Ward was found busily engaged but stopped and greeted his visitor cordially. The reporter said:

"You fought under Hancock, I believe, Mr. Ward?"

"Yes; I was a soldier in the Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the First Brigade Third Division of the Second Army Corps."

"Have you any objection to stating what the soldiers thought of Hancock?"

"I have none in the least. Hancock was always considered a good General, although I cannot recall anything particularly brilliant that he ever did. Personally he was much disliked by all of his men."

'What was the cause of it?"

"He was disliked and hated because he held his men as worse than dogs. He had no feeling for a private soldier, and the men knew it,"

'Can you recall any particular occasion when he expressed himself openly?'

"Yes, indeed. Here is one sentence I heard him say one day which I will never forget. It was right after the second battle of Bull Run. Lee had flanked us, and after retreating, we were advancing again. The affair which I am about to relate, occurred between Manassas Junction and Warrenton. The Fourth Ohio was marching left front when we came to a creek. A halt was called and the commanding officer of the Engineer's Corps suggested to Hancock that a pontoon bridge had better be thrown across. Hancock was standing but a few feet from me when the conversation took place, and I heard every word of it Hancock replied: 'No. Let the sons of b——s wade through. It won't hurt them.' I never forgot that, and the whole Corps never forgot it, nor will they forget it in November. The entire army of over 30,000 men had to wade the creek which was waist deep It would have taken but 20 minutes to throw a pontoon bridge across the stream, and every man could have passed dry shod. After crossing the stream the men were obliged to walk through deep sand for a mile. The sand worked down into their shoes and nine out of 10 men went lame from raw feet, the skin being worn off in patches by the wet sand. The wading of the stream would not have caused a murmur but for the brutal conduct of Hancock in applying the foul unsoldierly epithet to his men, I tell you the Fourth Ohio boys carried the words to the Second Army Corps, and they have treasured the words like I have. I wouldn't vote for him for dog catcher."

"The Democratic papers have circulated the story that 60,000 of his men lived in Pennsylvania, and would turn the State for him.

"That is a very ridiculous statement. His corps never amounted to more than 40,000 men, providing his regiments were full. Before Grant took charge there were less than 35,000 men. Of these men many were from Massachusetts, and the majority from Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and the West. One whole brigade, the 'Irish Brigade,' was from New York, and the Pennsylvania troops were a very small minority. Their 60,000 Pennsylvania veterans would be more correct if counted 6,000, and 5,000 of them that knew him and heard of his sentence, 'Let the sons of b——s wade,' would consider it a personal affront to be accused of an intention of voting for such a man. I know I would."

Mr. Ward knows whereof he speaks. The City does not possess a better citizen and his statement will open the eyes of the boomers.

From another well known citizen who served under Hancock during the war the following facts were gleaned which coincides with Mr. Ward's statement about the pompous military aristocrat, who considered a private soldier on an equal with a dog. This gentleman said:

"I was a member of the famous 'Irish Brigade,' in the Second Army Corps. Our boys just lived for the honer of the brigade and would have gladly died any time to rescue the dear old standards, the harp of Erin and the stars and stripes, which ever floated side by side in the van. One day we were a little slow in obeying an order to charge on account of a misunderstanding, for God knows that the 'Irish Brigade' was always too willing to attack. Our commander returned in a few minutes and we charged. He seemed downhearted and confidentially related to his officers that night that Hancock had ordered him angrily to 'charge with his flannel mouthed sons of b—s (a favorite epithet) and let them be killed to make room for better men.' The brigade was nearly ruined by this."

There are many men in the city who fought under this man for years—men who knew him before as well as during the war, but not a man will speak well of him who knew him. He is begging the votes to-day of men whom he called vile names at the crossing of the ford near Manassas. That ford is Hancock's Waterloo, for the men who crossed under the fire of his words more scathing than that of a battery are now no longer private soldiers, but American citizens, better than their commander, and holding in their hands the mighty weapon of American sovereigns, the ballot, which will be put into the contest next November, a mute but powerful protest against the insult to the Second Army Corps of the Republic seventeen years ago.

—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple or eruption.

Four to six bottles cure salt rheum or tetter.

One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles and sores.

Four to six bottles cure the worst kind of erysipelas.

Three to six bottles cure blotches among the hair.

Six to ten bottles cure running at the ears.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers.

Eight to twelve bottles cure the worst scrofula.

Sold by druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

What Two Old Soldiers Did.

Generals G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, met again recently in New Orleans, to superintend the drawings of the celebrated Louisiana State Lottery, of which they are the Commissioners on behalf of the State and people. They went at their work with regularity and precision, and the result was that in addition to scattering around among fortunate investors $20,000s and $10,000s, the drew a half capital prize of $50,000 for an intelligent young German named George Fred. Jussen, whose residence is in Brooklyn, who has collected his money and written to his relatives in Germany announcing his fortune. For further information apply to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., or same person at 319 Broadway, New York City.

THE BLADE

—FOR THE—

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

will present the most thorough, interesting and instructive exposition of Republican principles.

The Nasby Letters,

published regularly each week during the campaign, will afford an inexhaustible fund of humor and political satire. In all other respects, the BLADE will continue to maintain its reputation as a

Choice News and Family Paper.

The *regular, full-sized* edition of the BLADE will be mailed to subscribers everywhere in the United States, free of postage, on the following terms, each subscriber receiving a copy of our magnificent GARFIELD PORTRAIT, as a premium:

One copy three months		.50
Clubs of six	" " each	.40
One copy six	"	$1.00
Clubs of six	" " each	.80

Liberal Terms to Agents.

OUR GARFIELD PORTRAIT

is 19 by 24 inches in size, and engraved on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing. The portrait is surrounded by a beautiful wreath of oak and laurel, at the top and bottom of which are superimposed the National symbols. At the right and left of the lower part are allegorical scenes representing Commerce and Agriculture. These portraits are

Not for Sale at Any Price,

but a copy will be mailed to any person now on our books who will enclose fifty cents for a three months' extension of his present subscription. Old subscribers who accept this offer will please state distinctly that the money is sent for the extension of an existing subscription, and for a Garfield Portrait.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE,

with whom liberal terms will be made. In localities where no regularly established agency exists at present, any BLADE subscriber is authorized to act. SPECIAL CLUBBING TERMS will be furnished to the Chairmen of County and District Campaign Committees on application.

Specimen Copies Mailed Free.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Nasby Pamphlets

The latest political sensation is the BLADE'S new

NASBY CAMPAIGN PAMPHLETS

of 24 pages each, neatly and beautifully printed, filled with capital humorous illustrations, and just the thing to laugh over with a friend or to convert a Democrat. No.'s 1 and 2 are now ready. No. 3 will shortly be announced. No. 1, entitled

The Democraitc John Bunyan,

presents the visions of Hancock's Administration, as viewed prophetically by the Parson in a series of ten dreams which befell him in the after dinner hour. No. 2 is

Nasby as a Banker,

or the History of the "Unlimited Trust and Confidence Company," republished in the series, at the numerous and repeated requests of persons in all parts of the country. The Unlimited Trust and Confidence Company, an institution established during the flush times for the manufacture and circulation of paper money, affords a telling sarcasm on the fallacies and vagaries of inflation.

These pamphlets will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 10 cents each, or three for 25 cents. News dealers may order them by express, charges to follow, at $6.50 per 100 copies. Address,

THE BLADE, - - Toledo, Ohio.

Lunch Language.

Sat. Night.

To sit down on a tack means "I am an upstart."

To whet knife on fork means "How dull you are."

To take syrup means "You are one of my lasses."

To excavate your teeth with an ice pick means "Ice pick of thee."

To lift a fly from the dressing means "I saved you from watery gravey."

To drink from the tea pot spout means "Fortune helps them that help themselves."

To scratch your head with a fork means "My game is up."

To eat from bottom of the plate means "I've turned the matter over."

To swallow the filling of a back tooth means "I was tooth in."

To scratch your head with a knife means "The wicked flea eats when no man pursueth."

To eat with your knife means "One swallow makes no summer."

To put a biscuit in the pitcher means "Cast your bread upon the waters."

To upset the pork dish means "Prepare ye the way of the lard."

To wipe your nose on a napkin means "My trunk is packed."

To lick your fingers means "Make way for liberty."

To take dressing from roast turkey means "It's bred in the bone."

To accept rabbit means "You are giving me game."

To wipe mouth on table cloth means "The fools are not all dead."

To eat dried apples with tea means "All swell that end swell."

Albert Coppley, of McDaniel's P. O., Ohio, Makes a Statement.

"I have been a great sufferer for years with Inflammation of the Kidneys, and a nervous disease that caused a twitching of the face, mouth and eyes to such an extent that I could not appear in company. Day's Kidney Pad has entirely cured me, and I shall never fail to do all I can to have its merits known."

AMERICAN JESUITS

Return to this Country.

NEW YORK July 24.—Three young American Jesuits have just arrived in this City on the steamship "Itslis," from London. They are Thomas Sherman, son of Gen. Sherman; Thomas Kernan, son of Sen. Kernan, of New York, and Mr. Van Rensselear, of the well known patroon family of Albany. The last named gentleman is a converted minister. They have all been in England for the past two years, during which time they have been making their novitiate at Rochampton College. They left this evening for Woodstock, Md.

An Old Doctor's Advice.

It was this: "Trust in God and keep your bowels open." For this purpose take Kidney-Wort—for no other remedy so effectually overcomes this condition, and that without the distress and griping which other medicines cause.

A woman's beauty is never lost
So long as her sweet smile remains—
So long as gleam her teeth like frost,
And her soft lip the ruby stains;
And Sozodont, with magic power,
Bestows on her this priceless dower.

OUR best physicians sanction and recommend the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Let all who are gray apply it!

—Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

ELECTRICITY is the greatest curative for chronic nervous disorders, entirely superceding medicines when intelligently applied in cases of Nervous Debility, Impaired Physical Energy, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Paralysis, Brain Trouble, etc. Dr. Bryan's Electric Belt evolves a continuous current when applied, and is the only genuine. Illustrated pamphlets explain all. Address Electric Appliance Co., No. 2, Bond street, New York.

A Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for

Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c.

W. P. HILL, Crockett Station, Texas, writes: "DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC has done wonders here. A lady who had been doctored nearly to death for several years, has been cured of *Debility and Great Prostration* by the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, which raised her from her bed, where she had been lying for many months."

Dr. Harter—Mr. James Brown of our county, has requested us to tender you his grateful acknowledgments for the great benefits his wife received from the use of your IRON TONIC. He tells us that, after having paid three or four hundred dollars doctors' bills, two bottles of your IRON TONIC did her more good than all other medicines she ever used. She was troubled with *Derangement of the Womb, Whites, etc.*, from which she is much relieved.

CENTERVILLE, TEXAS, MANUFACTURED BY F. A. PATRICK & CO.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO.,
No. 213 NORTH MAIN STREET, ST. LOUIS.

A GOOD RECORD.

What the Republican Party Has Done.

Emory Storrs at Burlington, Iowa.

"The story of our achievements cannot too often be told. No people can become too familiar with the great deeds of their history, for if history is philosophy teaching by example, this world's history furnishes no grander examples than that which the career of the Republican party supplies since 1860. It saved all our Territories from the blight of slavery and dedicated them to freedom. It met a gigantic rebellion and saved this great Nation. It made 4,000,000 slaves citizens, and transformed them from chattels into men, furnished them with schools and gave them the ballot. It protected the polls from violence and fraud. It declared the equality of the citizen, it protected his rights, as such against invasion by his own State, or by the Nation itself. Under its policy the National honor and integrity were vindicated, and the National debt paid with a rapidity unexampled in the history of the world. Passing through the extremest financial distress, it has yet been true to itself, until it has reached the solid foundation of specie resumption. It has decreased the public expenditures; it has decreased the interest on the public debt; it has lifted burdens from labor, and to-day the result is seen in a prosperity more widely spread and more substantial than the country has ever before witnessed. It has kept all its engagements. It has made the name of the United States of America respected and honored all around the globe. Moreover it has made these States a Nation. It has made you and me citizens of that Nation. It has clothed that Nation with power to protect you and me in the enjoyment of all the high privileges of that grand citizenship. [Cheers] So when we consider that there is no slave throughout the boundaries of the great republic, we did it. When we remember that a great rebellion in the interest of slavery was crushed, we did it. When we remember that the National faith was safe from dishonor, we did it. And when we remember that the United States of America is not a mere league of States, but a great nationality, we did it. Such a history needs no aids from rhetoric, for no rhetoric, however glowing, can heighten its glories. These great achievements constitute our patrimony, and however poor in all other respects we may be, we may well say, 'These are our possessions, and with them we are rich indeed.' [Applause.]

"The demand to withdraw confidence from such a party, with such a long line of splendid and illustrious achievements, coming from the party which has sought to prevent them all, will not, I am certain, be received with any more favor to-day than it has been received in the past. It is the custom of these two great parties to announce to the

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

CARE OF THE HOUSE.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness—The Disinfection of Sun-light—Prevention of Foul Odors, and the Incubation of Disease Germs.

Continued.

The first principle of keeping a house or a neighborhood in health may be couched in the command of Holy Writ, "Be ye clean." The first law of every house and every Town Government should be to be clean, with a perception of the necessity and advantage of cleanliness, which would create the instinct for it where it did not already exist. Too much conventional cleanliness hardly goes beyond keeping appearances and traditions, with a deal of pharasaic slopping and discomfort. Rigid housekeeping often means nothing more than a determination not to be outdone by any other woman, or a pride in "my mother's way" of doing things. This is the housekeeper which scrubs and rinses housecleaning week as if it would tear things to pieces, and cleans Saturdays with vigor, while all the rest of the week and year it makes the beds up while warm as people get out of them, keeps the soiled clothes standing an entry or closet, and scoffs at the trouble of sunning rooms and keeping out of the way places sweet and trim. Good housekeeping does not lay so much stress on having the carpet free from thrums and threads and the front window shades rolled just half way up and the Sunday dress cut after the last pattern, as it does on keeping the bed-rooms airy, plenty of clean towels and underclothes for any day of the week, and strict banishment of bad smells and conditions from the house and premises. Nice order and seemliness, highly desirable as they are, the finish and reward of all good housewifery, are not its essentials, if it is possible to speak of essentials in a calling where every true woman says to herself, of its details: "These things ought I to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

BEGINNING AT THE FRONT DOOR.

In putting your house in order, look after the doorstep. If it is bedded where a puddle forms in wet weather, or mold and insects collect, take it up and have it properly laid. Dig a bed for it at least 15 inches deep filled with broken stone, crockery or clinkers, to drain the water off, fill the crevices with sand or leached ashes, pound the whole down with a heavy hammer, and lay the stone or plank, solidly, in cement or sand, ramming it well down. It will settle firmly and you will have a dry doorstep and a secure one, which will not by an unlucky turn, sprain somebody's ankle, or lay him up with a broken leg, not an uncommon domestic misfortune from this very cause. Have easy steps at each door of the house. It saves women and invalids a great deal of their strength not to lift themselves up and down a foot or two, every time they cross the threshold. Every person lifts his own weight beside what he carries each time he ascends a step, and the strain on a woman of lifting her 90 to 150 pounds up and down 20 times a day tires her more than all the work done on a level. It does not take much contrivance to lay a walk of sand or leached ashes or beaten earth, that will slope to the sill of the back door, and render a step unnecessary. It is little cares of this kind to prevent wet feet and tiresome steps which preserve the strength and spirits of the women in a family.

FRONT AND REAR ENTRIES.

Light but good air ought to be met in the passages of all good houses, but unfortunately, are wanting in most cases. Dim front entries, religiously debarred to the family, except on Sundays and occasions, greet one with a smell of varnish from the painted walls and oilcloth, which recalls coffins and funerals. Entries not in common use collect the air from the rest of the house, and the visitor opens the door of the stagnant fumes of dead and gone washing days, and baked beans and cabbage dinners, and bedroom smells, which smother one coming in from the fresh air. If you don't take the trouble to set the front door open half an hour every morning, and air the entry after every domestic crisis, you may expect to find every intolerable smell of the week bearing witness against you to your callers in their best bonnets and extra best perceptions. The back entry will have its odors of stable boots, and sour whiffs from the swill-pail, and the stench of dirty clothes and the back bedrooms. In time, plaster and wall paper absorb so much of these odors that the indescribable fusty smell hangs about the place which afflicts so many careless houses, and to which the owners by long use are insensible. If children's senses were only trained to recognize pure and impure conditions with the pains taken to make them toe a line or rise at the tap of a bell in the schools, it would do more for the health and refinement of the country than all the learning they receive beside.

THE HEALTH OF ROOMS.

No hasty airing at long intervals will keep the house safe and sweet. It does not suffice to open the window while you go to breakfast and make your bed immediately after, or to let the sitting room go with airing long enough to settle the dust after the daily sweeping. That one daily airing and sunning of rooms should be something much more thorough and constant than it is, will be seen from a single important fact. The lungs and skin of every full grown human being discharge 2½ pounds of effete matter in each 24 hours, part of which is absorbed by the clothes, bedding and upholstery, and part goes off in the vapor of the health and body. This vapor condensed in steam on the window of a close room has been collected and evaporated, leaving a thick putrid mass intolerable to mention. This dead matter saturates the walls of carelessly aired rooms, and gives out the rank smell observed in some old houses, and in sick rooms.

HOW CONSUMPTION BREEDS.

In case of sickness, the exhalations lodge in walls and clothing, to the injury of all who breathe about the place, and not only diftheria and scarlet fever, but consumption and catarrh are propagated by this means. Whitewash with strong, lively lime, is the best purifier for the walls of sleeping rooms, and is better than kalsomine. Paper absorbs bad odors too readily, and is only safe when laid on a well scraped wall, first washed with a solution of carbolic acid, and when hung, sized and varnished so that the wall can be washed. Painted walls are perhaps the best on all accounts, as whitewash rubs off annoyingly. The custom in many new houses about New York, is to paint directly on the second coat of plaster, avoiding the expense of hard finish. Paint makes a lasting and clean finish which is not absorbent, and can be washed with soap and water. Flat color should be used in all cases, as glossy walls would be trying to the sight by reflected lights. Paper can be safely used in sitting rooms and parlors, where sick persons are not likely to remain, or in thoroughly aired chambers of healthy persons. But as any sleeping room may become a sick room, a well considered house will have its rooms prepared for the chances.

FIRES IN JULY.

No room ought to be used for living or sleeping, which does not have a fire in it some time in the year. There will come damp sunless weeks when the dull, dead air needs changing, and the walls need drying and purifying as fire alone can do them. Even in the inland States there are damp days in any of the four seasons, "open weather," when everything about a house that has a smell uplifts it, when carpets and woolen clothes in closets, and straw beds give out unpleasant odors, and then, no matter if it is dog days, or most important then, every room needs a fire kindled to consume the bad air and kill the germs of moth and disease. No smouldering fire will do good, but a leaping blaze and glowing grate which will fill the room with heat to its farthest corner. The room must be closed and left to this searching heat for three or four hours or till the fire dies down. I have lighted fires in August in a rainy time all over the house for the comfort of a light dry atmosphere afterward. English people have fires any time in summer that a damp day gives excuse for them, and it would be for the health of our people if they would learn to do so when needed. Fever and ague are prevented in marshy countries by light ing fires morning and evening, which consume the miasma. In old times, in visitations of the plague, great fires were lighted out of doors, which had considerable effect in warding off the disease. When there is no sun for days to properly air them, bedding and clothes should be laid before a hot fire, as close as possible without scorching, to be freshened. Pillows may have the cases taken off and be placed on chairs by the fire, each side being turned to the heat at least 10 minutes, when they will be as fresh and sweet as if they had been out of doors in the sun. Blankets and quilts should have every part hung toward the fire to drive out the "beddy" smell. Woolen dresses and coats which get an unpleasant smell by hanging in bedroom closets, will be completely sweetened by exposure to strong heat, turning every part to the fire till it is perfectly dry and odorless, and will last longer for the care. People speak of the "dye rotting them" when it is the decay from bad air, and incipient mold.

SUNNING CLOTHES.

Sunning clothes and carpets ought to be as important a part of the twice yearly cleansing as scrubbing and washing. The sun is the great refiner and purifier of all things on the globe, the greatest health commissioner in the world, and if he were allowed to do his proper work, would banish at least two-thirds of the disease and misery on this planet. The free circulation of air insisted on dilutes and carries off what is obnoxious, and furnishes fresh supplies for breathing, but air alone has not the power of sunshine as a direct disinfecting, cleansing agent. The direct rays of the sun have a strong chemical effect, which produces a reaction in the particles of decaying matter, making them sweet and safe. Its powerful chemical action is seen in bleaching the stains from linen in a few hours, which sharp acids otherwise would fail to remove. It is a similar potency which as we say sweetens clothes and bedding in the sun. When house cleaning, all the clothes hanging in closets, the carpet and bedding should be carried out as soon as the morning dampness is out of the air, about 9 o'clock, and be hung or spread in the full blaze of the sun, for the day, moving them out of the shade as it creeps over them. Hanging in the shade won't answer, till the sun has done its part. A keen sense of smell is the best guide in this matter, for it will soon tell by the sweet wholesome smell of a pillow or carpet when the sun has done its work. Pillows, blankets and beds should hang in the hot sun all day or for two days if possible, on frames which allow air to circulate freely under them, and they must be turned from time to time so that every part on the surface may get the sun. A two days airing and sunning in a warm Spring sun is the next thing to a steam cleansing, and better in some ways. Colored clothes should be turned inside out, and hang an hour or two to sun each side, and then hang the rest of the day in the shade. Boys' clothes and woolen shirts lose the odor of perspiration, and come out wholesome and nice after a session in sunshine.

SUNNING THE HOUSE.

As for the house, it ought not to be considered clean, till after, the scrubbing, the windows are opened their widest and the sun floods floors and walls, searching and purifying every nook and crevice as no brush or whitewash can ever do. Women are in too much of a hurry about the housecleaning generally to do it well. It is no use to scrub a room, dry it and put down carpets in one day, for it cannot get the airing it needs. There is a fragrance about a house properly sunned and cared for, whose absence is quickly noticed by one who knows it.

SWING CASEMENTS.

Among the old fashions of building now restored, none is perhaps more desirable than the old English casements or swing windows. As seen in pictures of Tudor Gothic houses, the two broad windows close together in the middle of the side of a room, with only an upright between, and open back like shutters. Bringing the windows of a side close together admits much more light than our fashion of having them apart, while the advantage of coolness in Summer, of opening most half the room to the air, is incomparable. Sauguess for cold weather is perfectly secured by well fitted frames and deep flanges, while the sash may run up and down in the outer frame as common, or a general pane can open as often seen in church windows for partial ventilation. One of these swing windows was placed in a damp unhealthy room in my house, and the complete sunning and airing it was able to receive, the full sun reaching every corner of the place, made it the chosen sleeping room of everybody. The coolness on Summer nights was perfect, and when my own house comes to be built that "cottage of hope," every room will be fitted with the same broad swinging casements for sun traps. Pulley sashes are a mistake, unless the weights can be made to run in a groove which allows the frame to be taken out, for washing the glass or sunning the rooms. I would not have a window in my house which could not be taken completely out of the frame without trouble. Windows with large panes are handsome perhaps, and certainly expensive, but are not worth the money and care they cost. For picturesqueness, the small 8x10 latticed glass set in lead are prettier or the irregular antique Dutch glass, now coming in use again.

SOILED CLOTHES.

When the house is clean and sweet, care is well spent to keep it so. And there is just one way to do this, not to allow any bad smells to stay in doors. You must contrive some way, that the swill pail, and slop pail and the soiled clothes shall not be polluting every living part of premises. I know the pains it costs to keep a house fresh and pure, the watching and going after careless children and servants, who will not be made to understand that to throw off a soiled sweaty shirt and socks in a bedroom and sleep with them there is to breathe impurity and fix a bad smell in the room or closet which it takes days to expel. No soiled linen should ever be left in closets, to taint the air and the clothing which is kept there. Dirty boots and shoes are out of place in a bedroom, and it is horrible to pack dirty clothes just cast off in a bag or basket, and leave them to grow rank. My rule in warm weather is to have soiled clothes flung at once on the grass in the back yard to let the sun dry the perspiration out of them, and sweeten them. It lessens the annoyance of washing and makes the clothes last longer, for putrefying animal matter does not improve the tissues of cotton or wool. It saves labor to have towels, children's clothing and shirts flung at once into a tub of cold suds to soak the loose dirt out of them, then throw them on the grass in the sun to dry when they can be packed with the rest till washing day. Boys and children can be trained to carry their soiled clothes out of the bed rooms and put them in the tub in the ventilated shed, where the wind will carry off all bad odors at once, which is the only place to keep such things.

Next

THE GARBAGE PAIL,

that necessary adjunct where there is cooking, which receives the apple peelings and potato skins, and cobs of corn and scrapings from the table. It is usually a nuisance, dirty on the outside, and illsmelling, which well dressed people skirt with clothes held aside and nostrils averted, whose presence brings contempt on the kitchen and shed where it stands. Who does not know the style of back premises, where the washtub stands with fetid suds, and the soap barrel sheds evil perfume, where the swill pail, reeking with sour milk and leavings of bran or meal, warns everybody off for yards, and there is a general loud smell of destruction and the dead. Houses where the front rooms are in Brussels and rosewood, where the interior rule is so strict that the necessary offices of sickness are really grudged to an invalid, will keep a Golgotha about the back door, from year's end to year's end, where delicate girls and women in their best dresses must pass daily, and consider it all in the nature of things.

KEEPING SWEET BACK DOORS.

There is no necessity for any part of the premises, indoors or out, being habitually offensive, as will be shown in these papers. Even the garbage pail can be kept as clean and reputable as any article about the house. It should not stand with scraps to sour and putrify in warm weather. All slops from dish-washing, etc., should be kept apart from the solid leavings. If there are pigs or fowls to eat the scraps, have them fed after each meal, as soon as the table is clear, then wash the pail. Before any one has time to throw up hands of horror at the idea of so much extra pains, I will say it is but the turn of a hand to pour water into the pail, the rinsings of the dishwater or clean suds, but not muddy slops, then give it a scrub round with a broom, empty it and set it in the sun to dry, when it becomes as innocent and clean as a sugar bucket. Every washday, have the work pails scrubbed inside and out, and scalded, and you will soon see whether it is necessary to have a sour spot about the house or not. Where there is water, an old broom and an idle girl, man or boy, there is no excuse for an ill-smelling pail or barrel in house or barn. If there are no animals to eat the leavings, and there is a garden, the scraps should be flung at once on the compost heap, and be sprinkled with fresh earth daily. If this use cannot be made of them scraps of all kinds should be thrown into the stove when there is a hot fire, and burned, and then there is no need of leaving them an hour to decay. Put them in the back of the range, where the heat will dry the moisture out of them, and they will burn like any fuel. This method has been proposed for getting rid of the garbage of cities, by Civil Engineers of eminence, and will yet be adopted, for it proves in private practice, so clean, easy and safe a way of using rubbish, that it is possible for every family to be its own scavenger. I have often seen the plan tried in apartment houses with entire success. The drafts of the stove are left open till the scraps are dry and the smell goes up the chimney, when they are burnt without smell or smoke. Factory furnaces might burn up the rubbish of Towns and Villages in the same way with small expense and great benefit to the health of the inhabitants.

CLOSETS AND WARDROBES.

Have no closet or corner about your house which the sun cannot enter. Closets under the stairs or under sinks are unwholesome, because they are always moldy and dusty. They spoil what is kept in them, boots mold, iron and tinware rusts, and beetles infest them. Of course, it is not easy to change houses already built, but I give the hint to all who are building to suit themselves, not to have a closet in the house without a window that will admit plenty of light. Physicians condemn all dark closets, as haunts of vitiated air. Were I building, there would not be a closet in the house, unless it were large enough to have a sash window. A trunk room and airy linen press, if you please, where the mother can mend and sort her sheets and table cloths in sunshine, but no dark, damp closets. Instead, the bedrooms should have large pine or cedar wardrobes, with double doors to open the whole front, which can be made cheaper than closets built into the walls, and are movable, sweet and every way convenient. Add to this, clothes are better kept from dust and insects in the u. They can be built just as large as closets, with a place under for a trunk and a drawer for shoes, while the top is useful as a shelf. Once tried, no one will exchange wardrobes for dark, poky closets.

SHIRLEY DARE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Was Christ's Atonement Made for Those who are Lost?

Inquirer asks a question about a religious point which I should like to answer.

Christ's atonement was indeed for all mankind, and avails for all, even for those who are finally lost, but he has never paid the penalty due to those who persistently and unchangeably rejects his salvation. Man was in his creation separated from the brutes by the possession of an intelligent mind, akin to the divine mind in its powers. God desired a creature who would render to him an intelligent obedience from choice, and not like the lower animals, an unthinking, involuntary obedience; this of course, necessarily involved the possibility of disobedience, and this in its turn involved a penalty for disobedience and a reward for obedience. The reward was that man was placed above the necessity of falling under that death which was the inevitable doom of all lower animals; the penalty was a descent to the mere animal condition of decay and death. Man existed for a certain object; failing to fulfil that object, the purpose of his existence become void, and he was therefore to lose it.

All mankind being in Adam as their federal head, shared his fallen nature and his doom. Christ came and stood in Adam's place as federal head of the human race, to undo for them what Adam had done; to deliver them from the fate which had befallen them, not by their own fault, but by the act of another, that of Adam. Born of a woman, Christ was really human; but not being begotten by a man, he escaped participation in the corruption of human nature. He alone was competent to undo the consequence of Adam's fall, by making an end of death in himself, of sin, which was literal actual death or dissolution of existence. Being a perfect human being in whom were no seeds of decay and death, his death was necessarily a violent one, and was also of necessity a comparatively slow one, that it might be plainly manifested as a voluntary one and not obligatory on the part of him who was able had he chosen, to come down from the cross. Being divine as well as human, he was able to take up his human life again, thus making an end of death in himself and becoming a fountain of new immortal life to all who would receive new life from him.

As Adam fell into death for *all*, so Christ went and shared that doom, and then rose out of death for *all*, that *all* might share in his resurrection. Thus it is as Paul says "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Without Christ's atonement, this Adamic death would be the end of every one of us—our final extinction—but because Christ, the second Adam, died for all who sprang from the first Adam, and then rose again, life is to be restored to all mankind in the general resurrection. Christ is therefore the Savior of all men from the death which is the inevitable wages of sin, and which, without Christ would be an everlasting thing.

But as to whether this restored life is to be an everlasting life, or is again to be cut off by a second death, is made dependent upon the choice of each individual. Each one will be saved from the consequences of an original sin over which he had no control, and is now again placed back in precisely the same position of our first parents, with ability to make an intelligent choice between good and evil, between obedience and disobedience, between life and death. Those who choose the former will be made partakers of Christ's own resurrection life, an immortal life, over which the second death has no power; but those who choose to live as mere animals, without thought of God and the future, must in leed be raised from the first or Adamic death, but with *them* it will be but the ashes of the old mortal life rekindled; and upon *them* must come the second death, the consequence of each one's own personal choice; this time an eternal death, an everlasting punishment. To escape this doom, it is only necessary to become a partaker of Christ's resurrection by becoming a partaker of His divine spirit, which generates in us love to God and to our fellow men. Having this divine spirit dwelling within us, we are as free from the power or condemnation of the second death as Christ himself is.

It will be seen that my remarks are not Orthodox, but an unprejudiced study of the Bible will show them to be entirely Scriptural. View the teachings of the Bible aside from the false light which has been thrown upon it by the popular Platonic dogma of man's natural or inherent immortality (a doctrine expressly denied in Scripture;) and it becomes plain enough that immortality was not the absolute, but was the conditional possession of man as he was created. The Orthodox dogma is indeed found in the Bible, for it formed the main portion of the temptation that caused man's fall; and the language of Satan on this subject is also the language of Orthodoxy, "Thou shalt *not* surely die."

W. R. YOUNG.

Long Island, Kan.

Cards.

In the BLADE of July 1st, under the above caption I see this paragraph:

"'Conscience' asks the question, Do any of the readers of the BLADE honestly think a man can be a good Christian and raise a family the way they should be raised, and carry a pack of cards in his pocket?" I for one most assuredly think he could. Why not? What harm is there in simply playing cards at home around your own table? None at all, according to my way of thinking, unless we make harm of it, as we can of all other amusements."

I wish to say to "Consistency," through the BLADE, that the harm does not consist in carrying cards in the pocket, but in the use made of them when out of the pocket. If I should find a pack of cards in a man's pocket I certainly would not think it an index to a "good Christian" life. But why precede the word Christian by the adjective "good," unless we wish to convey the idea that there are *bad* Christians? If a man is a Christian at all, he is a good one. To be a Christian is to be like Christ—to have our lives, our time, talents, and *our all* consecrated to Him and His service. The Scripture says (1st Cor., 10:31):

Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Now it seems impossible for any person thus consecrated, to spend their time in card playing or any other amusement as such. Let me be personal and ask, "Do you play cards (for I know you are a card player) for the purpose of glorifying God? Can you ask God's blessing upon your efforts at the game of cards?" If not, then abstain from their use.

I seldom see a copy of the BLADE, but if "Consistency" will send me his (or her) name and address, I will take pleasure in writing more fully.

GEO. WISEHEART.

IOLA, Clay Co., Ills.

Without discussing the card question farther than to say that all kinds of amusements may be carried to the degree of intemperance, and hence produce great wrong, be it card playing or croquet, there is one thing about which the writer of the above is right. An incongruity does exist about the term "Good Christian," which is very absurd. The adjective "bad" cannot be applied to a true follower of Christ in any sense. A person may strive to be a Christian and succeed poorly, but if he *is* one, the very name comprehends all of good that can be compressed into human character.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

What He Wishes.

Since I have been a reader of the BLADE I have read nearly all in this department, and have been much edified with the way in which many of the subjects have been discussed. The subject, however, that most interests me is that of schoolma'ams becoming farmers' wives. Now, I wish to say to those who have written on this subject that I am a farmer and it is said by my friends that I am very successful one too, a Southerner by birth but a Northerner by my sympathies, that is to say, I have always been a Republican in principle. Now my object in writing this is, I wish to correspond with some of those young school ma'ams or other intelligent ladies of the North. Will some of them please send me their address? As this is the first time I have applied for admission to this department, I hope it will not be considered too much in the form of an advertisement and cast in the waste basket. Letters addressed thus will reach me.

F. S. WHITE. Brick Church, Tenn.,

Stepmothers.

One of these much abused beings writes a letter to the "Household" deprecating the way in which they are treated. She affirms that her three stepchildren have received and give to her the same affection as do the four wholly her own. The following is a part of a poem composed by her and addressed to her oldest boy just going out into the world:

A STEPMOTHER'S ADVICE.

You are now, my dear Robert, removed
Far away from my sight and my care;
You have entered the arena of life,
Its battles and burdens to share.

* * * * * * *

Choose now what seems the rough way,
But will lead you to honor and love;
Remember that who themselves aid,
They will surely get aid from above.

Learn the value of money to know,
Economy prosperity brings,
In your business be active and true,
Reliable prove in all things.

MARY R MOORE.

Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland Co., Pa.

Wine.

Wine in the days of our Saviour, was put in leather bottles and sunk in a vat of water and kept there for a time. It never worked but it required new bottles, for after one had been used for some time sufficient wine was soaked into the bottle to cause fermentation and break the bottles. Strong drink was fermented wine.—FIDELITY.

DAHLIAS

How to Winter Dahlias, I hear asked. Pack well in potatoes and they will Winter where potatoes will.—FIDELITY.

Some other ideas of "Fidelity" which might prove useful to the readers of the Household, had to be omitted because written upon both sides of the paper.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

ANSWER TO MANY LETTERS.

Having received so many letters requesting me to send the recipe for baker's yeast and bread, which I had promised to forward to the BLADE, I will send it:

Bakers' Bread—Take one quart of water, boil just what potatoes (sliced thin) the water will cover, until they will mash. Steep two ounces of hops (three good handfuls) in two quarts of water, letting them boil a little. Strain off and scald a pint of flour with this water, add the potatoes (mashed fine) and the water, a good handful of salt, the same of brown sugar and a piece of alum about the size of a small walnut, pulverized fine. Stir well altogether, adding a pint more of the flour. Let this cool to the temperature of new milk. Stir in one pint of good lively yeast. Let stand till evening, then thin to thickness of cream with cold water. Let stand over night then jug. This yeast will have a thick dark scum over it after raising over night, which is all the better. Keep in a cool dark place, and shake well before using. Use one coffee cup of this yeast for six loaves.

In making this bread, use water alone. In Summer when we have long days we most generally start our sponge in the morning and have our bread baked and put away by 1 o'clock, but in Winter we start our sponge the night before. Scald one pint of flour with water, after which add about one quart of water and flour to make real stiff. When cool, add one cup yeast; when light work stiff at once and let rise twice before putting in the pans to bake. Bake rather fast for three quarters of an hour. Of course I need not say use the best of flour always. In Winter this bread requires to be kept much warmer than the common hop yeast.

BAKER'S GINGER SNAPS.—One cup Orleans molasses, one cup brown sugar, one cup butter, one teaspoonful soda, two tablespoonsful each of ground ginger and cinnamon, two tablespoonsful fine black pepper, five cups flour; roll very thin and bake quickly.—SUE A. VAN METER, Macomb, Ill.

CURE FOR TETTER.

A subscriber asked for a cure for tetter which I send. One ounce of yellow root, one-fourth ounce bloodroot; one-fourth ounce seneca snake root and a small piece of May apple root, the druggist will know how much. Put all in a quart bottle with one pint of the best Holland gin. Let it stand about a week. Shake often. Then fill with water. Take from one-half to one teaspoonful three times a day before eating.—A READER.

In sending recipes for cooking or for medical purposes it is an absolute necessity to be somewhere near exact in regard to quantities. "A little of this or that in some water" will not do, especially in cases where the remedial agent is powerful. In cooking, a little variation in the amount of material will often make a great difference in the success of the undertaking. Several apparently valuable recipes were this week condemned to the waste basket for this fault.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Inquiries.

Would the ladies of the "Household" kindly answer the following inquiries and much oblige a reader of the BLADE?

How to keep from freezing, next Winter, 75 bottles and cans of fruit, where the house is cold and there is no cellar.

Give the name of a cheap work upon knitting, netting and crotchet, and where to be obtained.

Give a pattern of knitted square, such as are used for quilts.

How to make blackberry juice into a wine that will keep well.

How to pickle red cabbage.

How to pickle sliced green tomatoes.

A recipe for a good tomato ketchup.

MRS. M. MCCLINTOCK.

Gardner, Kansas.

After this issue theological discussions will be excluded from the Household Department. They are interminable always, and no possible benefit can be derived from them by the readers of the BLADE. Both space and time are needed for subjects whose proper understanding will aid everybody to live to a better purpose. Mere abstractions will not.—Ed. Household.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin's Account of How it Drove Out the Only Railroad in China.

New York Sun.

Rev. Stephen Baldwin has recently returned from a 20 years sojourn among the Chinese Methodist missions. He is a brother-in-law of A. F. D. Martin, of the firm of Martin & Runyon, of Wall street, this city, and Newark, N. J. At present Rev. Mr. Baldwin is summering with his family at Ocean Grove. Speaking the other day of the only railroad China ever had, the remnants of which are soon to arrive in this port on the ship "Tiber," from Shanghai, he said: "I don't believe that any foreigner, or, for that matter, any Americanized Chinaman, will ever attempt the construction of a railroad in China for the next fifty years. The Christian religion has made wonderful advances during the past 20 years, but the rankest superstition still exists among the masses. Turn whatever way you will you will find that when affliction or disaster visits the Chinaman's possessions in his own country he will lay the blame on the foreigner and his contrivances. To illustrate: When this railroad was about to be laid, Charles E. Hill applied to the local Governor or Tontai, at Shanghai, for permission to construct his railroad, and received it. Knowing the superstitious tendency of the people he had to deal with, Mr. Hill started his road from nowhere in particular, with the intention of finishing both ends as soon as he had felt the pulse of the people on the question. He never put on both ends. A severe storm of wind and rain came up one afternoon as they were working, and destroyed the crops of the farmers in that locality. Immediately a cry was raised against the railroad, and Mr. Hill didn't believe he ever could complete the road.

The rails lay there until some English gentlemen believed that they could build a road between two storms. They were of the opinion that if the road was once built the Chinese would become accustomed to it. At any rate they thought that they would not be compelled to remove it. Mr. Hill's was a horse road, but the Englishmen were to propel their cars with steam on a narrow gauge road. When work was started at Shanghai to lay the rails an excited mob gathered about the laborers. All the arguments which superstition could devise were tried upon the coolie laborers to induce them to stop work, and, that failing, denunciations were used. The local and Imperial Government endeavored to put a stop to the work. The English company put in Mr. Hill's charter and completed the road to Woo hung, a distance of 16 miles. This place is a fishing village of not the slightest importance, at the confluence of the Yang tse and Woo Sung rivers. The road runs through a low, level alluvial tract, only a few feet above the river. The native gardeners were accustomed to run their wheelbarrows all over the tract, and had cut narrow canals, through which they could paddle their boats to the Yang Tse river. The company ran locomotives and cars on the road, but few patronized it.

"Then the English company said they had no hope of doing a big business on this road, but it was to be the entering wedge of a net work of railroads that would in time connect all the principal Chinese ports with important interior towns. Several heavy storms, however, occurred during the month succeeding the completion of the railroad, and the Chinese farmers said that the Fung Tseor, or the spirits of wind and storm, were terribly enraged. Arrangements were entered into between the Imperial Government and the railroad company within a year after the road's completion, whereby the Government should pay cost price for it. The spirits were propitiated by the tearing up of the rails, which were then sent down to Foochow, where I was then stationed. It was proposed to use the rails in a road that was to run coal cars between the mines and the City, but it was never done. I don't know what it is proposed to do with the rails now, but I suppose that the American merchants in China have the same feeling in reference to the building of railroads that the missionaries have.

"The Christian religion will have to continue its influence for well on to two generations before the Chinese Government will think of allowing a locomotive to kill its people, blow cinders into a mand' ever or thrust soft coal smoke down the Mongolian throat."

Our Young Folks.

DOES HE LIKE BUTTER.

Well, to begin!
First put the cowslip under his chin,
And when you see that dimplest place
Of all his dimpled and russet face
Show just the tint that the cowslip shows,
That is a sure proof, I suppose,
That the little boy (I mean our Ned)
Is fond of butter upon his bread.

So far, so good!
But what if the rosy surface should
Show no tint of the yellow at all?
I should say that the flower was too small,
Or that something else was wrong in the test.
For, whatever the sign is, I know best!
Signs sometimes fail; but I know that Ned
Likes plenty of butter upon his bread.

Perhaps the tan
On the sun-browned cheek of the little man
Dulls the mirror to which I hold
The blossom up to reflect its gold.
Or else the dimples ripple the glass
Where the shadow of color ought to pass,
And only the warm blood shows instead;
But he does like butter upon his bread!

—*Youth's Companion.*

Tom and Maggie's Fishing Excursion.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Tom had just come home for a vacation from school, and as soon as his mother had gone to examine his box, Tom took his sister Maggie, into the corner and said confidentially, "You don't know what I have got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing his sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie.

"How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was 'no good' playing with her at those games—she played so badly.

"Marls! No. I've swopped all my marls with the little fellaws, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's . . . a . . . new . . . guess, Maggie."

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"I am not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish line—two new uns—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money, and Gibson and Spencer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks—see here! . . . I say won't we go and fish to-morrow down by Round's Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything; won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her around Tom's neck and hug him.

"Wasn't I a good brother, to buy you a line all to yourself?"

"Yes, very, very good. . . . I do love you, Tom."

"And the fellows fought me because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

"Oh, dear, I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No. I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know. That's what he got by wailing to father me. Now let us go and see the rabbits."

"Tom," she said, timidly, when they were out doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half crowns and a six pence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've a deal more than that in my steel purse up stairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom, "I don't want your money, you silly thing."

"Well, but, Tom you could buy some more rabbits with it."

"More rabbits! I don't want any more."

"Oh, but Tom they are all dead."

TOM stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie.

"You forgot to feed them then, Maggie, and I don't love you one bit. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day."

"Yes, but I forgot, and I couldn't help it indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You are a naughty girl," said Tom severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish line, I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom," sobbed Maggie, "I'd forgive you if you forgot anything; I wouldn't mind what you did, I'd forgive and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly; but I never do forget things—I don't!"

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie.

"Now, Maggie you just listen. Aint I a good brother to you?"

"Ye ye es!" and I—lo-lo love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozange box and the holidays before that you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie. "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "and you are a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie, and she turned and ran into the house and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm eaten shelf with a crushing sense of misery.

When Tom came home to tea his father asked where Maggie was.

Tom said, "I don't know."

"You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom."

"I'm sure I haven't father," said Tom. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said her mother, "a singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom" said his father, "And be good to her, do you hear? else I'll let you know better!"

Tom never disobeyed his father, so he went to the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down."

But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing: "Oh, Tom, please forgive me—do love me—please, dear Tom?"

"Don't cry, then, Maggie; here, eat a bit o' cake. Come along, Maggie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was down stairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing rod in one hand a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always with a peculiar gait in the muddiest places, and looking darkly rattlesnake from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her.

They were on their way to the Round Pool—that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago. Tom threw her line in for her, and put the rod into her hand.

Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook and the large ones to Tom's.

But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said in a loud whisper, "Look! look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Tom drew out her line and brought a large perch bouncing on the grass. Tom was excited. "Oh, Maggie! You little duck! Empty the basket." She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them.

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of those first years would always make part of their lives.

Harry's Victory.

BY MISS KATE M. FRAYNE.

"Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't touched it, I do wish I had left it on the top shelf of the cupboard where it was! What will Aunt Martha say?"

"You needn't tell her, and she'll never suspect once it was you who broke it."

Harry started as if some real voice had spoken to him, and looked eagerly about the room to learn from whence the voice came.

"That sounded so much like Joe Simon's voice, when he wanted me to tell mother a story last Summer when he and I went fishing together."

But Harry remembered now that Joe Simons was several miles from Aunt Martha's, and it certainly could not have been he.

This very afternoon Aunt Martha had gone to a neighbor's on an errand, and left Harry as sole occupant of the house for an hour or more. The time seemed very long, and as Harry sat rocking back and forth in the sitting room, his eyes chances to see this quaint old China candlestick. Now, Harry had some curiosity (though you know boys do not get credit for such a degree of that element as girls), still he wanted very much to see that candlestick, but of course never once thought of breaking it, when all of a sudden, as he lifted it to put it back on the shelf, down it came with a crash, and was broken in several pieces.

It was then the voice suggested, "You needn't tell; gather up the pieces and throw them away where no one will see them; you are going home to morrow anyhow, and your aunt will never miss it, or notice its being gone before that time; besides Aunt Martha will think it very meddlesome in you to search about so when she is away."

Harry's heart beat louder and more rapidly as he thought of the probability of losing Aunt Martha's favor by his meddling, and the suggestions of the tempter were in a fair way to win, when another voice, not nearly so bold, but firm and gentle, as that of his own dear mother, seemed to say, "Harry Wilton, would you, could you, tell a lie about breaking the candlestick?"

"A lie! Oh, dear! I didn't think about its being a lie," cried Harry, nervously. "I, I'd tell if she asked me; but if she didn't——"

"If she didn't you'd just act the lie, would you?" said the last voice.

Harry stood hesitating a moment, and the first voice spoke out bolder than ever, "Harry Wilton, you're a regular chicken hearted little simpleton to own up that you broke it, when no one knows it; and then if your aunt gets very vexed with you, she'll never like you or trust you again."

"Do *right* whatever comes of it,"

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Humbugs in Horticulture.

Essay by Peter Henderson, read at the annual meeting of the National Association of Nurserymen and Florists, held at Chicago, June 10, 1880.

The life time experience of any man is too short not to be imposed upon by many of the hundreds of old varieties of fruits, flowers or vegetables that are sent out annually under new names. Any well posted nurseryman can easily detect when a Bartlett pear or a Baldwin apple appears under a new name; or a florist, making a specialty of roses, knows, as when some years ago, the old Solfaiare rose was sent out under the name of "Angusta"—claiming it to be hardy in every State in the Union, and sold as a great bargain at $5 apiece—that the venders thereof were either swindlers or entirely ignorant of the business they had embarked in; or when the confiding market gardener is induced to buy a new and superior cabbage or tomato seed at $5 an ounce, and finds them identical with the same varieties he can buy at half that price per pound, he has good reason to come to the conclusion that the man from whom he purchased was either a humbug or else unfitted, from his ignorance, to engage in the business of a seedsman.

Some years ago I had occasion to act as an amateur detective in one of these horticultural swindling shops, the owners of which are now known in New York as the "blue rose men." When I arrived there were at least a dozen ladies and gentlemen engaged in buying seeds, bulbs and plants, the flowers and fruits of which were represented by the pictures on the walls; for example, asparagus was shown as having shoots as thick as a broom handle, the seeds of which were selling rapidly at one cent apiece, warranted to produce a crop in three months from the time of sowing; an old lady had just become the possessor of $5 worth, and seemed delighted with her bargain. One of the most attractive pictures on the wall was an immense colored engraving, showing a tree on which strawberries were growing, and as big as oranges. My gaze was attracted to a handsome plate of blue moss roses, of which I modestly asked the price of the plants. The polite Frenchman (who was doing the principal selling for the concern) whisked out from beneath the table three plants representing to be moss roses (which, by way, were all alike and were all our common prairie rose) and said: "This one, he bloom only once—I tell you the truth—so I sell him for $2.00. This one, he be the Remontant, he bloom twice—just twice—I sell him for $3.00; but this one, he be the ever blooming, perpetual blue moss rose; he bloom all the time; he cheap at $5.00." I quietly remarked, if it bloomed all the time why was it not blooming now? He looked at me pityingly and said: "My dear sir, you expect too much; these moss rose just come over in the ship from Paris. You take him home and plant him, and he bloom right away and he keep on blooming." I did not take him home, but I took the story something in the shape it is now told, and had it published in one of the leading New York papers, and in less than a week the "blue rose men" had pulled up stakes, but no doubt to pitch their camp somewhere else, and set their traps for fresh victims.

These humbugs in horticulture have their comical side. The other year, in passing St. Paul's Church, Broadway, New York, an old negro had squatted on the pavement with a great bundle of plants, carefully mossed up, lying alongside of him. On inquiring what they were, he said they were rose bushes—rose bushes having all the attributes wanted in a rose, fragrance, hardiness, and everblooming, and the price but 50 cents apiece. He had got them he said, from the boss, and was selling them on a commission. The poor darkey was only an innocent agent; he no doubt believed he was selling rose bushes, but the boss, whoever he might be, undoubtedly knew better, for the plants were not roses at all, but the common cat brier—smilax sarsaparilla—one of the worst pests of our hedgerows, but which is near enough in appearance to a rose to deceive the ordinary city merchant.

The bulb peddlers, a class of itinerant swindlers, deserve brief attention. They have always some wonderful novelty in bulbs; and their mode of operating, to the uninitiated, has a semblance of fairness, as they are liberal fellows, and frankly offer to take one half cash on delivery, and if the goods do not come up to representation the other half need not be paid; for example, when the gold banded Japan lily was first introduced, bulbs the size of hickorynuts sold at $250 per 100. About that time one of these worthies came along with samples of a lily of fine size and appearance, with which he told he had just arrived from Japan. There was no doubt of its genuineness, for he had seen it flower. He had a large stock, and would sell at $100 per 100, but he was willing to take half that amount down and the other half when it flowered and had proved correct. It did not prove correct, and he never called. The bulb he sold was the common white lily—*Lilium Candidum*—which is sold everywhere at 75c or $6 per 100. These same scamps flood the rural districts every year with blue gladiolus, scarlet tuberoses, and other absurdities in bulbs and seeds, usually on the same term.—one half cash down, the other half when the *rara avis* has feathered out. It is needless to say that they never try it twice on the same victim, but avail themselves of our broad continent to seek out new fields for their operations.

The Next Tobacco Crop.

The quality and condition of plants and the kind of weather prevailing at the time of setting, has much to do with the results of a tobacco crop. The Cincinnati *Price Current* gives some data which will be of interest to tobacco growers, or manufacturers and dealers in the "weed." It states that in the Tennessee Cumberland regions there was much complaint of the scarcity of plants and of dry weather, so that the acreage will be much under the average. In the Mason County, Kentucky, region there are also complaints of a scarcity of plants, but the weather has been more favorable, successive rains enabling the planters to get the plants put in under encouraging circumstances, as a rule, and by the end of this month the planting will be completed. Some planters have increased their acreage while others have devoted a part of their land, intended for tobacco, to other crops, so that taking the whole of the section which comes under the head of Mason County tobacco region, which includes several counties in Ohio as well as Kentucky, there is a fair prospect that an average crop will be set. In the Owen County and Paducah sections reports are favorable for fully three-quarters of an average acreage. In Missouri the acreage will be fully as large as last year. In Virginia it is thought that there will be at least two thirds of the usual acreage of dark tobacco and a full acreage of bright leaf. The prospects have vastly improved recently.

The seed leaf crops promise better than others. In the Ohio section which is mainly in the Great Miami river valley, there is an increased acreage and the plants are about all set and are doing well. In Wisconsin the acreage is larger than last year, but there are complaints of much damage by cut worms, but this is always the case. Pennsylvania also gives a largely increased acreage, but a scarcity of plants is reported, so the increase will not be as large as it would be if plants were plenty. In the Connecticut Valley transplanting seems to have been finished earlier in the season than in the more southerly growing regions and a small increase in acreage is reported.

To sum up, the prospect now seems to be that there will be a material increase in seed leaf tobacco, and not much if any shortage in manufacturing leaf, except in the Tennessee region, where the prospect is now better than it was two weeks ago. A member of the trade, who has been a close observer of the crop for 20 years, says that he never knew a crop failure for want of plants, for they can be transported from one section to another. It should be considered that the tobacco producer possesses, in an eminent degree, the proverbial grumbling trait of humanity, and generally has the additional inducement of self interest in making the public believe that there will be a short crop the ensuing season, for he has a large part of the production of the preceding season on hand, for which he desires to realize as high a price as possible.

Taking the country as a whole and allowing for these things, we see no reason to think that there will not be a full average crop of tobacco, provided the remainder of the season proves as favorable as usual for its growth and maturity.

Trees the Want of the Great West.

The "Great American Desert" is now teeming with a vast population. The sun shines on no more beautiful land. A deeper or richer soil cannot be found. But experience has taught us that this whole region so inappropriately called by our old geographers "The Desert," is subject to extraordinary climatic extremes. Droughts and floods in irregular but certain succession seems, from the experience of 25 years, to be the normal condition of things here. The seamed and gullied upland everywhere shows the foot prints of past storms and floods. The timber growing wherever it could find protection from the annual fires, gives in the measure of its annual rings of wood growth a wonderful history of climatic extremes, telling of years of famine and years of plenty, for 200 or more years. All this teaches us that as periods of drought and flood have alternated in the past, we should be prepared for a like condition of things in the future.

Our people have sought to ignore the obvious fact in the case. Encouraged by the cry that the plow will soon redeem the treeless plains, thousands have rushed on to the frontier, hoping there to reap the reward of toil in prosperous homes. But to day they turn their faces toward their old homes, or come to their Eastern neighbors asking bread for themselves and their little ones. The truth is simply this: their crop last year was almost a total failure, and they will reap at best only a scanty harvest this year. Many must have help or suffer. Some will leave their lands; other will try to stay. Their all is at stake. They have come here under the pressure of a theory, extensively advertised, that by their own work they would be able to immediately modify the climatic conditions, and secure a greater regularity of rainfall. A great wrong has been inflicted on these people. As they beg for bread or move slowly or sadly back to more Eastern homes, at the sacrifice of their all, they appear as the martyrs to a theory as false as it is fatal—that the plow alone will materially change the climatic conditions of the Great West.

The sad experience of 1870 and 1880 so far has taught us that no more dangerous doctrine has ever been promulgated with reference to the great plains. It has proved to thousands a snare and a delusion, and as a consequence they come to their more eastern neighbors asking bread. The theory may be a very nice one, and a very popular one with those who write advertising letters from Eastern cities on the climate of Kansas, but to the frontier settler it "pans out" no gold. There is no question that the plow must go first, but tree culture must follow. The writer has seen within the past few weeks, great fields of corn cut up and almost ruined by the driving winds and shifting sands. He has seen young orchards standing in great sand drifts, hedges half-buried by fine dust from the plowed fields, and many acres of broken prairie left uncultivated because of the manifest disposition of the soil to take unto itself wings. This was the work of the plow alone, and each year in the future with like culture the result will be more fatal.

But he saw also alongside of this ruin, and under a very slight protection, vineyards loaded with grapes, peach, apple cherry trees and various kinds of small fruits growing in great luxuriance. Under the same protection he saw fine fields of wheat, corn and garden vegetables that could hardly be surpassed anywhere. Here there was no drifting soil, while one-quarter of a mile away the young trees were standing in banks of drifting sand.

A late writer says "We have heard a great deal said about the power of trees to bring rain, but surely it was not trees that changed the meteorology of Western Kansas." No it was not, nor was it anything else. The sad experience of both the last and the current year prove past all doubt that the climate of Western Kansas is still just what it has been for a long period past. Our only hope is in securing some slight protection from its wind storms, as the first essential step towards reaping for our soil the advantages of the rainfall.—*Prof. Gale in Western Rural.*

Milk and Milking.

It is a common practice to give the animal a feed before beginning to milk, so as to make the cow quiet and contented. But is this a good plan? Should not this important and delicate operation, which the cow has so much control, receive the undivided attention of the animal as well as of the milker? We think it should, and that feeding at this time is bad practice. It is a matter of habit, anyhow, and the cow may as well be taught to attend solely to the milking as to eat. Of course she must be quiet and contented; but this should result from general treatment, and not from a coaxing feed.

Here is a jug full of milk which we propose to draw. The cow is healthy; the milk must be a perfectly natural product, and we must keep it so. Partly right—but not so fast! Is it certain that the milk is all right now? By no means, for the milk may be affected while still in the udder. If the food has been bad the milk has suffered in quality; if the cow has had impure water to drink it has beyond doubt directly injured the milk; if she has suffered from thirst the milk will be less in quantity and in fats; if she has breathed foul air, whether in stable, yard or pasture, it has affected the milk, perhaps made it unfit for use. Do not forget this; carrion in the pasture, offensive fish manure in an adjacent field, or any sickening odor, even if from distance, may have a very injurious effect. So may emanations from a manure cellar, without the proper precautions of tight floors and ventilation. Pure air is as necessary to the making of good milk as pure water and pure food. If there has been insufficient shade in the pasture, and the animal has suffered from extreme heat, the milk will show it in a direct loss of the fat and sugar elements and an increase in undesirable albuminoids. It will be very poor milk. The same result follows worrying by a dog, fast driving from pasture, or any fright or harsh treatment. A rough, noisy cow boy, or a worthless car, may directly diminish the butter yield from one third to one half, by injury to the milk yet within the cow, and the milker may hardly notice it.—*Land and Home.*

Reason for Being Solid.

Albany Journal.

When Clarkson N. Potter's $224,000,000 Southern claims bill was put to a vote in a Democratic House, it was passed. When it came up for action in a Republican Senate it was defeated. This fact is conspicuously restated by the *Argus* to show the old rebel South why it should be "solid" for the Democratic party.

—Vitalizing, nourishing and stimulating, without intoxicating, are Malt Bitters.

THE BALL OPENS.

Speech of Hon. Carl Schurz at Indianapolis, July 20.

The opening portion of Sec. Schurz's able speech at Indianapolis, was devoted to a review of the existing Administration and its record, and a discussion of the points in which it claimed and deserved the hearty approval of the people. He then paid his respects to the Democratic party, and proceeded to show that however competent Gen. HANCOCK was as a soldier, he was totally unfitted by education or experience to be placed at the head of Civil affairs. Said the Secretary in discussing the character of the Democratic party:

The Democratic party as now constituted is a wonderful mixture of elements. I shall certainly not question the convictions and the motives of the enlightened and patriotic men that are in it who mean to do the best they can for the country with the means they have; but it is not unjust to them to say that many of them are undoubtedly not without their misgivings as to the latter and are held where they are by the strength of life-long associations, by the traditions of circles and constituencies within which they move and from which they have derived their position and power; and also by the opinions grown from long struggles against what they considered and what in some cases may have been abuses on the other side; by men of good intentions, laboring under the disadvantage of seeing their aspirations and endeavors hemmed in and baffled by followers and circumstances which they cannot control. There is the Southern element, of which I shall certainly not be inclined to deny that a marked improvement has taken place in the temper and aspirations of many its leading men, who have cast the old ambitions of the war period behind them and are now with a patriotic spirit endeavoring to serve the country and to whom therefore our esteem is due. It is also true that they begin to be supported by a class of orderly and well-meaning citizens; but it is no less true that they find themselves hampered and clogged by many factions in their constituencies, who, whether they are a majority or not, endeavor, and I regret to say in many instances successfully, to impress their temper upon the character of Southern politics; still smarting under the defeats of the war and the losses which those defeats had brought upon them; some of them with a sullen feeling that those defeats were an insult as well as a wrong to them, for which, in some way, they must have satisfaction; with a vague desire to retrieve of the old condition of things something they do not know exactly what; and withal insisting that something is due to them as Southern men in politics, as well as in society, and in their worldly fortunes as compared with the rest of mankind; rather reckless of the rights of others; with financial ideas destitute of a due regard for the good faith of the country, inclined to fly to any money system which they vaguely think can be manipulated so as to make them rich again by ledgerdemain; deeming it due to them that large appropriations should be made for their particular benefit, for all imaginable purposes, good, bad and indifferent, merely to pour money into that section of the country; with scarcely any traditions in Government, except such as existed in their States before the war, and the reactionary desires and attempts of the party immediately after it; with appetites sharpened by long exclusion from power and the sweets of office, and greedy to make the most of that if they can obtain it.

There is the Northern Democracy, also with men of statesmanlike instincts in it and excellent intentions, but behind them a large number of restless and ambitious politicians who, for 20 years, have been boxing the compass to find some principle or some policy, to avail themselves of some passion, or some prejudice by which they might win an election and regain the possession of power. Such an element, however, will be found, more or less, represented in all parties. But the Democracy has had the misfortune of exercising a remarkable power of attraction for the adventurous, and even the dangerous, elements of our population; and its attempts to regain power by all sorts of devices, and the advocacy of all sorts of principles and policies has gathered under its banner so many divergent tendencies and incongruous elements, held together by the only desire to regain the spoils of government, that when the party comes into power nobody can tell which element will be uppermost in strength and determine the current of its policy.

Thus we find there the hardest of hard money men hand in hand with the wildest of inflationists, the freest of free traders and the stiffest of protectionists; we find them in their platform declaring for the resumption of specie payments to satisfy one part, and the repeal of the resumption law in the same section to satisfy the other part of the organization. We find men who would scorn the idea of faithlessness to our National obligations in the closest alliance and co-operation with those who repudiated their debts in their own States, and who would not hesitate a moment to repudiate the debts of the Republic. We find men sincerely desirous of cultivating among the Southern people the heartiest sentiments of loyalty to the Republic and respect for the rights of all irrespective of color, and by their side men who still think that their own rights are worth nothing unless they are permitted to oppress the rights of others. And it must not be forgotten that upon these different elements the official declarations of platforms have not the least effect. While the party in its National Conventions declares for specie payments, that does not hinder for a moment Democratic Congressmen from opposing resumption in Congress, or the Democrats of Ohio from nominating their inflation leader, General Ewing, or the Democrats in Indiana from nominating the fiat money man, Landers, for Governorship of those States; nor does it prevent the Democrats in many of the Western and Southern States from pursuing the Greenback agitation as lustily as before.

While they declare for an observance of our National obligations, that does not hinder the Democrats in many of the Southern States from going on in their work of local repudiation, and declaring that repudiation is so good a thing that it ought to be made general. But all these factions, these incongruous elements, are held together by one great impulse—that is, the appetite for public plunder, which the exclusion from power for 20 years has stimulated to a degree of keenness scarcely ever seen before. Now consider that, if Gen. Hancock ever can be elected, it must be a very hearty coöperation of all these elements—the Greenback Democrats in Ohio, Maine and Indiana and the West and South, with the hard money men in New York, New Jersey and other States; the Protectionists in one quarter and the Free Traders in another; the War Democrats in the North and the reactionary elements elsewhere; and to all these elements together, Gen. Hancock, if successful at all, will owe his success; and all those elements if the successful party is to be maintained in its strength and continued in power, must be satisfied in order to hold them together.

That will be the situation and such the problem which the soldier, to whom political science and management so far have been a sealed book, will have to solve. What will he do to keep the Greenbackers in the party without destroying the principles of the hard money men? How will he satisfy the Southern element, that claims to have been robbed by an anti-slavery war, and is entitled to restitution in some shape, and at the same time keep the management of the Government within the bounds of economy and propitiate the Northern tax payer? How will he content the Southern men in the distribution of offices, who will claim that they have furnished the majority of votes and are therefore entitled to the lion's share? And how will he keep the Northern Democracy in good spirits and in working order by a distribution of the patronage which will appease the hunger of 20 years? These are some of the problems which this unsophisticated soldier President, whose whole sphere of mental activity has so far been confined to the handling of troops on the field of battle, and to the narrow horizon of duty which army life in times of peace comprises, will have to solve.

Substitute for the present excellent civil service system the Democratic reform, making a clean sweep according to the old spoils system, and what will you have? Hundreds of thousands of politicians, great and small, but all hungry, rushing for several or eighty thousand places, backed and pressed by every Democratic Congressman and every Democratic Committee in the land. The impetuous rush must be satisfied as rapidly as possible, for they want to make the best of their time, and in this case, as well as others, time is money. It is useless to disguise it: the mass of office-seekers, starved for twenty years, will not be turned back as long as there is a mouthful on the table. Seventy or eighty thousand officers selected at random from that multitude of ravenous applicants will be put into places held now mostly by men of tried capacity and experience. They must be taken at random, for it is impossible to fill so large a number of places in so short a time as the furious demand will permit in any other way. Need I tell any sensible man what the effect upon the conduct of the public business will be? It will be the disorganization of the whole administrative machinery of the Government at one fell blow; it will be the sudden substitution of raw hands for skilled and tried public servants; the substitution of the eager desire to make out of public affairs as much as can be made in the shortest possible time, for official training, experience and sense of responsibility. It will be a removal for some time at least of those carefully devised guards which are now placed over the public money and its use; it will in one word be the sudden distribution of so many thousand places of trust, responsibility and power, now well filled, in the true sense of the word as spoils among the hosts of the victorious party.

* * * * * * *

Let us look at that other side now. I am certainly not one of those who would assert that the Republican party has been without fault. I have been one of its most unsparing critics, and have been unsparingly criticized myself by thoroughgoing partisans in return. I shall always claim for myself freedom of opinion and speech in that respect. The Republican party has undoubtedly made a great many mistakes. I will go back to the period of reconstruction and an absolved Southern policy, because that lies far behind us, and is not an issue in this campaign. Its constitutional results have become settlements, accepted by both sides—in profession at least, and the policy of force after the readmission of the late Rebel States has under the Administration yielded to a scrupulous rule of constitutional principles. Neither would I deny that, with regard to the question of the public debt at one time and to the currency question for a more extended period, there was in the Republican party an antagonism of opinion, a contest of conflicting ends. We have had Republican advocates of the payment of the public debt in greenbacks; we have had Republican inflationists, and the discussions inside of the Republican party were for some time heated and bitter. Thus for a season the party seemed to stumble along with an uncertain gait, but it always had an unerring instinct which in the end made it turn right side up; and then it kept right side up. When in 1868 the Republican majority in Congress declared for the payment of the public debt, principal and interest, in coin, there was the end once and forever of the repudiation movement, open and disguised, in the Republican party. When in 1875 the Republican majority in Congress passed the resumption act, there was the end, once and forever, of the unredeemable paper money business in the Republican party. Those who remained repudiationists, or fiat-money men, did not remain Republicans, at least not leaders of the party. They tried their luck for some time inside of it; then they left it, and became Independent Greenbackers, and finally most of them landed in the Democratic party, as the Democratic Greenbackers, who for a time became Independents, mostly went back there. General Weaver and his followers are still in the intermediate State, but will no doubt finally materialize as sound Democrats.

But while the Democratic party has been attracting such elements, the Republican party has been either converting them to sound principles or ejecting them, until they almost wholly disappeared among its component parts. Thus it has become emphatically the protector of the national faith and the party of sound money. I have no doubt that the disagreements still existing upon financial subjects of minor importance in the Republican party will be solved the same way after mature discussion. This tendency in the Republican party has been owing to some very characteristic causes. It was not only a predominance of good sense and a thoughtful desire to be right and an endeavor to do that which was best for the general interests of the people, but it was also the traditional feeling grown out of the loyal attitude of the Republican party during the civil war in support of the Union and preservation of the Republic—the feeling of solemn duty that all the obligations contracted for so sacred a purpose must be and remain sacred and inviolable. Therefore it was that the idea of repudiation never could obtain a permanent foothold among Republicans, whatever the vacillations of individual minds during a limited period may have been. And the abhorrence of repudiation in our discussions of the financial problem inspired the most powerful arguments that brought the Republican masses to a sound appreciation of the money question.

In this way the Republican party, steadily progressing in an enlightened perception of the principles of sound finance, has become the reliable sound money party of the country, to which, as parties now are, the solution of new financial problems can alone be safely trusted. And how magnificently do the effects of the result already achieved appear in the revival of our business prosperity!

It may be said that our financial policy has not wholly originated that prosperity. True, but it has most powerfully aided it by giving us that confidence which is impossible without stable money value and a sound currency system. And what president man would now risk these great results by turning over our financial policy to the hands of a party which, as I have shown, is the refuge of all destructive elements threatening new uncertainty and confusion?

Indeed, not only in the traditions and good sense of the Republican party do you find the best security there is at present for the sanctity of our National faith, as well as a successful management of the financial policy; you find equal security in the known opinions and principles of its candidate, James A. Garfield. His convictions on these subjects have not found their first and best proclamation in the platform of his party or in his letter of acceptance. His record of nearly 20 years of Congressional service is not a blank on the great questions of the times, like that of his opponent. There is not a phase of the question of our National obligations; there is not a point of financial policy, from the first day that the subject was considered in Congress since he became a member of that body to the present hour, that he has not discussed with ability and strength, a lucidity of argument, aptitude of knowledge and firmness of conviction, placing him in the first rank of the defenders of sound principles.

And now I appeal to the conservative citizens of the Republic, to you who desire the public faith sacredly maintained, where will you go? Can you, in view of present circumstances, conscientiously go to the Democratic party? You will indeed find there not a few men who think as you do; but with them you will find closely allied in party interests all those elements to whom our national obligations are the foot-ball of momentary advantage. You will find on that side every State that has repudiated or speaks of repudiating its public debt; you will find there are all those who decried the public credit as the public enemy, and in whom no loyal tradition and impulse attaches to the National honor. You will find there a party, inside of which the public faith has still to fight a battle with its enemies, without any certainty of its issue. Is that your place? Or will you go to the Republican side, where the royal maintenance of our public faith has become a fundamental principle, universally adhered to with unswerving fidelity, in spite of the gusts of adverse public sentiment in former days? And you who desire to preserve the fruits of the success gained in the abolition of the curse of an irredeemable paper money and the re-establishment of specie payments, where will you go? Will you go to the Democratic party, where again you will find some one who thinks as you do, and yet with them as a powerful and perhaps the most numerous component part of the organization, wielding commanding influence in a great many of the States subject to its control, the great mass of the inflationists and fiat money men who were gathered under the Democratic banner by a seemingly irresistible power of attraction, and furnished many of the acknowledged leaders of the organization, and who, even now, when the prosperity of the country has been so magnificently aided by a sound financial policy, would be ready to subvert it all and throw the country back into the wild confusion of the fiat money madness? Will you, business men, farmers, manufacturers, merchants of the country, find the safety of your interests there? Will you help a party to power, inside of which, between its component elements, the battle of a sound money system and an irredeemable paper currency is still pending, and will you trust the earnings of the poor as well as the fortunes of the wealthy to the uncertainties of its issue? Or will you go to the Republican side, where great victories for the cause of good money have been achieved; where sound sense and patriotism have won every fight so far decided, and where we may with certainty look for the sound sense and patriotism to solve the problems not yet disposed of? And you who desire the administrative business of the Government performed in a business-like way by honest and capable public servants, where will you go? Will you go to the Democratic party, which has no other reform idea than an eager desire to take the whole administrative machinery of the Government suddenly to pieces, and to fill it as rapidly as possible with politicians demanding offices as spoils? Or will you go to the Republican side, where you have the assurance of a civil service which, in spite of shortcomings and mistakes, has already on the whole proved itself capable to transact your business honestly and efficiently, and where you find all those elements that are faithfully and energetically working for a mere thorough and permanent reform?

* * * * * * *

The Democracy may in the course of time gain the confidence of the people; but that should be only when the repudiationists and the advocates of unsound money have ceased to be in its ranks so powerful and influential an element as seriously to threaten the great economical interests of the country; when by energetic and successful action in protecting the rights of the voter whether white or black, whether Republican or Democratic in all parts of the country, and by the suppression of fraud at the ballot-box through a healthy and irresistible power of public opinion within itself, it will have won the right to appear in its platforms as the protector of the freedom and the purity of elections, and when it will find it no longer necessary to discard the ablest of its Statesmen and to put a General of the Army, who has never been anything but a soldier, in nomination for the Presidency, to make for itself a certificate of loyalty to the settlements of the great conflict of the past.

And for all these reasons, in my opinion, the interest of the Republic demand the election of James A. Garfield to the Presidency of the United States.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The Sad History of Blanche Bennett —Sounding the Lowest Depths.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Poor Blanche Bennett is in the calaboose awaiting transfer to the Insane Asylum. She was found yesterday afternoon in an alley between Eleventh and Twelfth streets and Franklin and Washington avenues, surrounded by negros, and to the policeman who deemed it his duty to remove her to a place of safety, she said that her name as Mary Miraculous. No one would recognize in the wretchedly clad, unwashed, stolid, stupid-looking maniac in her prison cell the young woman who, ten years ago, was a belle in Cincinnati. Her father was known as the prince of insurance men and for a long time held the Western agency of the Ætna, retiring from that position to establish the Andes and Amazon companies. He was reputed to be worth a million dollars, and lived with his family in Clifton, the world-famed suburb of the Queen City. The fetes given at Bennett Place were events to be remembered for years. The father dearly loved the girl, and spared no expense upon her education, sending her to a fashionable convent, from which she emerged a highly finished young woman. She was an expert French scholar, a fine singer, of very pleasing address, and the life of the social gatherings at her father's palace, Cincinnati was one morning startled by a rare scandal. Blanche Bennett had eloped with a young man named Frazier, who was penniless and without valuable social connection. The young couple went to Chicago. They did not live happy, and in less than three months Chicago was regaled with the racy details of a divorce suit. Blanche was very pretty at this time, and after the divorce was obtained she found no difficulty in securing a large number of sympathizing male friends. She dirted to St. Louis when in the very heyday of her womanhood, and became at once the sensation in the world in which she chose to move.

A well known saloon-keeper, not now a resident of St. Louis, took her from a house of ill-fame and supported her in princely style for a long time. But her false and feeble nature led her to be untrue to this man, and she became the mistress of a young man of fortune and sporting proclivities. At this period in her life she began to drink heavily and to take morphine. Her mind, one of the brightest of the brigut, became unsteady, and she attempted suicide one day her friend had her removed to the Insane Asylum. When released she made her way straight to the room of this young man, and, after making an attempt upon his life, shot herself in the breast in his presence. Since then her decline has been rapid. Her mind has grown cloudier day by day. Her wardrobe, once worthy of a Princess, has been replaced by the castoff clothing of negroes, and she has walked through the streets the most miserable and pitiable of wrecks.

People who knew her years ago have passed her on the street without dreaming of her identity. Shortly after her elopement, her father met with financial reverses and was utterly ruined. Then the world openly talked about what they had suspected for a long time, and that was that the mother of the girl, a glorious looking blonde, was untrue to her husband, and had long been carrying on a liason with a celebrated minstrel performer. The family dropped out of Cincinnati history. The mother located in Chicago and openly went to the bad. A son, quite a young man of great promise, became the companion of dissolute characters, and in 1876 was locked up in jail for stealing the clothing of a dead who had given him shelter, and was not permitted to attend the funeral of his mother, who was buried at the expense of the women of the town. The gray haired, broken-hearted father is now occupying a minor position in connection with the Western agency of a great insurance company, which he once had controlled.

VALE BELL AND EDISON.

A New Telephone Ring Being Formed.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—An application for a patent was filed to-day, that in consequence of its vastness of interests, as well as wealth of prospect, renders it a subject of National interest. A company of leading business men has been formed that has bought up all the telephone patents ante dating those now in use, and known as the Bell, Gray and Edison patents. The Company is composed of leading business men from all sections of the country, Cincinnati being largely represented and interested. The cash capital of the Company is $5,000,000, with headquarters in New York, and in about 60 days they will open up the telephone, which will certainly result in the driving out of all telephones in the market, save the ones they hold, or else compelling the Gray, Bell and Edison lines to pay the new company a munificent royalty. It appears from the testmony now on file and in the possession of the new company, which is conclusive and exhaustive, that the inventor of the telephone is a poor mechanic, living near Harrisburg, Pa., named Daniel Drowbaugh. Owing to his poverty he was unable to push his patent on the market. The new company have secured and are sole possessors of this invention, antedating these now in use. They are also owners of four patents for telephones issued to Mr. Kiemm, of New York. A large number of capitalists were here to day to see to the filing of the application, and they assert, with a positiveness that is almost convincing, that it will not be long till they have entire charge of the telephones, not only in this country, but in the world, and that they will be able to establish lines by which messages can be transmitted for almost a song.

WHERE IS HE

That's the Question that Bothers Montreal Business Circles.

MONTREAL, July 22.—A sensation has been created in business circles here by the mysterious disappearance of Alex. Campbell, managing director of the Campbell tobacco factory. About three years ago he left the city without giving his employer's family any warning, and for two years he was mourned as dead, the idea being that he had drowned himself. He ultimately turned up, but declined to reveal where he was, and simply accounted for his absence by attributing it to domestic trouble. Some months since he induced a number of influential local merchants to establish a company for the manufacture of tobacco on an extensive scale. A charter was obtained, premises erected and machinery set up, and when just about to inaugurate the enterprise Campbell absconded. For 10 days past the directors have had detectives out in all directions, but no clew has been obtained of his whereabouts. The company is greatly embarrassed, as it was depending altogether upon Campbell's special knowledge to carry on the business. It has already expended over $100,000 in preparing for the enterprise

If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, take a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

TUNNEL TUMBLES

In Jersey City, Burying 21 Laborers—Seven of the Men Rescued.

NEW YORK, July 21.—At 5 o'clock this morning the caisson leading to the entrance of the Hudson River tunnel, in course of construction, at Sixteenth street, Jersey City, caved in, carrying with it an immense quantity of earth. Twenty-eight men were buried. Eight were soon after taken out bruised, but not seriously hurt.

The tunnel has been extended out about 300 feet from the working shaft. There is a space of

ABOUT TPIRTY FEET

from the working shaft to the point in the tunnel where the permanent work has been built. This slopes toward the river and has hitherto been protected by temporary filling. Workmen have been engaged for several days replacing this temporary hulking with permanent work. Iron plating about the roof had been placed in position, and the men were

WORKING THEIR WAY DOWNWARD

through the silt and debris, putting in iron plates at the sides. It is supposed that some of these plates, which were placed next to the brick wall of the morning shift, were not placed close enough to confine.

Condensed air is supplied to the men working is the shaft by an engine on the surface. This compressed air works its way out, turning the plates backward and allowing the water to flow into the tunnel. It was not water directly from the river that flowed in, as the place where the break occurred is about 50 feet from the bulkhead, but the ground is filled in. The ground was much loosened and broken up by excavation for working the shaft.

The ground is filled with water, and as a current was created the water from the river rushed in through bulkhead, filling the tunnel and working through the refuse shaft to the working shaft, filling it with 50 feet of water and coming within 10 or 12 feet of the surface ground. The ground immediately over the break

SANK DOWN.

about eight or 10 feet, and the water is now standing a foot or two deep in the bottom of the hole.

Following is the

OFFICIAL REPORT

of the Hudson River Tunnel Company through Engineers Spielman and Brush:

"This morning about 4:30, while the men were changing shifts, that portion of the iron roof adjoining the shaft of the connecting chambers between the two tunnels and the sinking shaft fell in. Twenty-eight men were in the tunnel at the time, of whom eight escaped through the air lock, and 20 were killed.

THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED

at the connection of the iron plates with the brick wall of the working shaft, which, during the changing of shifts, was probably not watched by the men as closely as it should have been, and the compressed air was allowed to escape. This compressed air is relied upon to assist in supporting the roof, which was also sustained by strong timber bracing. The escape of air has always been prevented by stopping any leaks with waste silk.

"As the roof fell, the plate closed the door of the air lock into the tunnel and the water rising rapidly cut off the escape of the 20 men who were killed. The building of this connecting chamber, though a difficult piece of work, progressed until now. The roof was all in position and securely bolted. The connection of the iron plates with the shaft was being made at the time of the accident.

"The work will be prosecuted night and day with all the men that can be advantageously employed until the bodies are recovered, which will probably take about three days. The repairs of the accident will probably be the work of three weeks."

ANOTHER COLLISION

Results in the Drowning of 15 Persons—Statement of One of the Rescued.

DETROIT, July 23.—One of the most terrible river accidents which has occurred on the Detroit river for years, if indeed it does not exceed all others, was that of last night. The steamer "Garland," which left the Michigan stove works dock about 8 o'clock last evening for a moonlight excursion, carrying about 1 200 persons, under the auspices of the Detroit Molders' Union, when shortly below Grassy Island light, on the Canada side of the stream, bound down, collided with the steam yacht "Mamie," crushing the latter like an egg shell and throwing all on board, 23 persons, into the water. Of these, 15 were drowned, and eight only were saved. Those on board were Father Bleyenberg, of Trinity Catholic Church, and a party of the acolyte boys of the church, who were on their annual excursion. Father Bleyenburg was among the saved. The party on the "Mamie" went down to Monroe in the morning, and shortly after 5 o'clock last evening they started back. Coming up the river they met the "Garland" with the result above stated.

CHUB'S CRUELTY

To a Little Ten Year Old Boy.

PITTSBURG, July 23.—The citizens of Westmoreland County have arrested a man named William H. Chub, who has cruelly maltreated a little boy who was bound to him as an apprentice. When the arrest was made two men found the boy in the cellar with a trace chain fastened around his neck with a padlock, and the other end of the chain affixed to a ladder going from the first floor to a half attic above.

An examination of the child's person exhibited a terrible state of affairs. Great scars marked in effect of his last summer's beating, and raised black and blue welts, half as thick as a man's finger, with heavy scabs on, covered his limbs and back, the effects of recent whipping. The boy is about 10 years of age, bright and intelligent, but small for his age and slightly built. He told his story in a straightforward manner. The case has created great excitement in the community.

THE OHIO CONVENTION.

The Ticket Put in Nomination.

CLEVELAND, July 22.—At the afternoon session of the Democratic State Convention the Committee on Resolutions reporting resolutions endorsing the candidates of the party and adopting the National Democratic platform.

Judge William Lang, of Tiffin, was nominated for Secretary of State.

The remainder of the ticket nominated was:

For Supreme Judge—W. B. Follett.

For Clerk of the Supreme Court—Richard J. Fanning, present incumbent.

Member of Board of Public Works—W. J. Jackson.

Commissioner of Schools—J. J. Burns, present incumbent.

Presidential Electors at Large—R. P. Ranney and John F. Follett.

MORE MOWER.

Terrible Accident in a Harvest Field.

KEOKUK Ia., July 21.—A shocking accident occurred last Saturday afternoon at the farm of Mike Schoenlaber, four miles southeast of Nauvoo, Ill. Mr. Schoenlaber was using his reaper in the field, and finding that it did not work well he got down to examine it and make the necessary repairs. While doing so his four little children came along, and upon looking up and seeing them there, he called loudly for them to go away. This frightened the horses, and starting they set the machine into motion, causing it to mow right into the children, inflicting the most frightful injuries to two girls, aged five and eight years. It was found necessary to amputate the leg of one, and the condition of both is reported critical.

There is scarcely a person to be found who will not be greatly benefitted by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every Spring.

THE SPANISH OUTRAGE

To be Resented by Uncle Sam.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—At the Cabinet session yesterday Assistant Secretary Hay, of the department of State, submitted a statement in effect that the department had received positive information as to the identity of the Spanish vessel that recently fired into two American merchant vessels off the coast of Cuba. When the matter was submitted to the Cuban authorities it was claimed that the American vessels were within 20 leagues of the shore, and that the Spanish Government claimed the right to examine any and all suspicious crafts found within that distance of the coast. The Government of the United States has not and will never admit such claim, and will insist upon an apology and full damages for the outrage. The Government of the United States recognizes the authority of Spain as extending one marine league from shore, and no farther. The matter is to be further inquired into and then submitted to the Spanish Government through our minister at Madrid. No trouble is apprehended, as it is believed that the Government of Spain is desirous of maint

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

The population of Mobile, Ala., is 31,000.

Cologne Cathedral will be finished in September.

The cotton worm is doing serious damage in Texas.

The Minnesota wheat crop is unprecedentedly large.

Mount Vesuvius is on a bust—throwing up, as it were.

The prairie lands of Alabama are troubled by worms.

A sea lion was captured at New Brunswick, N. J., Saturday.

There are 112,000 Mormons and 32,000 Gentiles in Utah.

The Empress Eugenie will spend the Autumn in Switzerland.

Sontag, the singer, has joined the Roman Catholic communion.

Central Park, New York, is to be lighted with the electric light.

Worms are doing considerable damage to the apples in Logan County, Ill.

Diplomatic relations between France and Mexico will be resumed in October.

Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, will take an active part in the Maine campaign.

The extensively-advertised Greenback barbecue at Fort Worth, Tex., was a failure.

A pleasure steamer capsized in a squall on Lake Briene, and 16 persons were drowned.

Some $90,000 has already been expended in the transportation of New York's obelisk.

The Village of Remus, in Ergadine, France, has been burned. Ninety-eight houses were destroyed.

It is reported that Hancock, in his letter of acceptance, will commit himself to the one-term doctrine.

Capt. Eads is likely to get the job of removing obstructions from the mouth of the Douro, in Spain.

Pittsburgh has over 6,000 coke ovens which produce more than 100,000,000 pounds of coke per year.

A census enumerator at Decatur, Ill., found a woman who had given birth to five children in one year.

One of the sailors recently taken sick with yellow fever at the New Orleans quarantine station, has died.

John H. Kruebel, a Brooklyn attorney, left that City the other day for New Mexico, owing clients over $100,000.

A case of fatal blood poisoning occurred in Cleveland last Thursday resulting from a dental operation.

The number of immigrants arrived at New York last week was 5,300—mostly of the better class, who go West.

A cartridge company of Bridgeport, Conn., has an order from the Turkish Government for 4,500,000 cartridges.

Arrangements are nearly complete for the resumption of work on the Washington monument, suspended for 25 years.

A Fort Worth dispatch says on Friday the south bound stage to Cleburn was stopped and the mail robbed near Flat Mound.

There is an unusual demand for cotton pickers in Texas. Many of the exodusters are appealing for money to get back.

The first bell ever cast in Charleston was hung last week in the round tower at the works of the South Carolina Rail road Company.

Mr. Samuel Watkins, of Nashville, Tenn., has given property in that City worth $100,000, including a building, for a public library.

Savannah has had a decrease in her white population during the past 10 years of 169, and an increase in the colored population of 2,681.

Ex-Gov. Routt, of Colorado received 70 begging letters within a week after the fact was published that he had suddenly become a millionaire.

The tobacco growers of Virginia claim that the adoption of the J. W. Barnett process of curing tobacco will save $5,000,000 annually to that State.

The St. Petersburg *Golos* publishes an article which attracts considerable attention, advocating the liberty of the individual in accordance with the law.

The Popolo Romano has reason to believe that Cardinal Nina, Pontificial Secretary of State, enjoys the full confidence of the Pope and does not intend to resign.

Lieut. Ouzatis and several others who murdered the mother of Gen. Skobeleff, the distinguished Russian commander, have been arrested. Their motive was robbery.

Heavy rains have fallen throughout Northeastern New Mexico for the past week, and still continues. All the streams are swollen and great damage has been done.

Jim Currie is reported as on his way to St. Louis, to have an interview with the Globe-Democrat editor, who in a headline called him "The hell-roaring Texas desperado."

Not satisfied with breaking up the Jesuit establishments, the French Government has issued orders for the absolute expulsion of all members of the order who remain in the country.

The names of Bishops Lynch, of Charleston; Loughlin, of Brooklyn, and Corrigan, of Newark, N. J., have been submitted to the Pope for the selection of a coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey.

The rice growers in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C., give a good account of the crop. Mr. Garrell, who has 257 acres under cultivation, expects to realize from 50 to 60 bushels to the acre.

The President and Gen. Sherman are making arrangements to attend the soldiers' reunion at Columbus, O., on August 10, 11 and 12. The War Department is to furnish tents, cannon, and flies.

The President has appointed General Henry S. Huidekoper, of Germantown, Postmaster at Philadelphia. General Huidekoper commanded the Bucktail regiment at Gettysburg, where he lost his right arm.

The Louisville & Nashville railroad company has negotiated with the Barings, of London, for the sale of $20,000,000 of their bonds, to run 50 years at six per cent. A general mortgage for this amount is now being recorded.

At the recent examination of the University of Bologna, a young lady received her diploma of doctress, surpassing the students of the other sex in anatomy, physiology, and chemistry. At the University of Turin a fair girl graduate obtained a similar degree of success in law.

An attempt was recently made to assassinate Gen. Gonzales, President-elect of Mexico. He was on a balcony, receiving an ovation, when somebody in the crowd fired at him. Revolutions, growing out of the late election, are reported in four or five provinces.

The famous brigand, C. Giordano, has reappeared at the head of a band in Calabria, of which province he was formerly the terror. Twenty years ago M. Giordano emigrated to the United States, but not being favorably impressed with the advanced state of civilization in the New World, he returned to his first love in the Old. The Royal Carabineers are after him.

The prisoners in the Tazewell County, Illinois, Jail, set fire to their bedding in the hope that they might gain their liberty, but as nobody had a key but the jailer, who was at a distance, they were compelled to await his return. When he arrived on the scene the culprits were so exhausted that they could not have escaped if they had been given an opportunity.

At Madison, Ind., Wednesday, Mrs. Bloom and Mrs. Colman met and got into a difficulty, during which Mrs. Bloom struck Mrs. Colman a number of blows with the butt end of a whip, inflicting a number of wounds from the effects of which Mrs. Colman died. Mrs. Bloom, finding herself a murderess, took laudanum, but the effects were not fatal, and she is now under arrest.

Charles Nathan has been appointed by the State Bureau of Agriculture, of Louisiana, as an immigrant agent, and has sailed for Europe. Mr. Nathan took with him orders from private individuals for between 500 and 600 farm laborers, whose expenses are guaranteed to be paid by those who will employ them. As he will travel in England, Germany, Spain and Portugal, there is no doubt but what he will be successful in his mission. He has already brought out 200 immigrants from Portugal alone.

General Grant will visit Boston in September.

The electric light is to be used in the cotton factory at Atlanta.

There are more than 50 French women studying medicine in Paris.

Natchez, Miss., levies a tax of $2.50 a week on all commercial tourists.

Crops are reported to be in splendid condition in all parts of Tennessee.

Less than half of Alabama's school population of 376,614 attended school last year.

A very malignant throat disease is causing the death of many children in the suburbs of Cincinnati.

Little Rock, Ark., has defaulted payment on about $10,000 interest on bonded indebtedness due in July.

The manufacturers of Chattanooga 10 years ago employed 300 men, boys and girls. Now they employ 3,000.

Official returns of the Census Supervisors give Boston's population as 363,565, an increase of 71,066 in 10 years.

A dispatch from London states that $1,000,000 of double eagles have been purchased there for shipment to New York.

Larkin G. Mead has shipped from Italy the models for the artillery and cavalry groups for the Lincoln monument.

Five negroes are candidates for the Legislature in Lee County, Ga. The majority of the population of that County are negroes.

An old lady at Stanwood, Mich., shot and dangerously wounded John Morrison, who, she says, took improper liberties with her person.

The new President of Mexico has appointed a distinguished Catholic priest as Judge of the Supreme Court; also a Commissioner to study the railroad question.

A brakeman on an Indiana freight train who permitted a man to ride with him on top of a car, undertook to collect fare, and shot the passenger for refusing to pay.

The Rev. Herbert H. Hayden, who was tried for the murder of Mary Stannard, has obtained employment in the factory of the New Haven, Conn., Folding Chair Company.

Arkansas is to have a normal school at Pine Bluff for training colored teachers. The college is to be a branch of the Arkansas State University and the building is to cost $3,000.

Among the 2,300 immigrants just arrived in New York, are 758 Mormons—Swede and Norwegian. There are a few Danes and five English families. They left for Salt Lake City.

The editor of a "comic weekly," the first number of which was issued on Saturday, at Denver, Col., has several libel suits on hands, and two or three men men with guns are looking for him.

A sea cow has been captured in the St. Louis river, Florida. It weighs 1,600 pounds, has a head like a cow, lacking the horns, and has fins and tail like a fish. It eats great quantities of grass.

Miss Oliver of Waco, Texas, painted a mythological picture, and the Rev. Dr. Burleson in a sermon denounced it as indecent. The artist has obtained the signatures of 200 citizens who entertain a contrary opinion.

A negro barber at St. Louis studied law at night for several years, and was finally admitted to the bar. He now works in the shop on Saturdays and Sundays, and practices with considerable success in the courts on other days.

Fish in the waters of Staten Island are dying in large numbers by eating potato bugs which have become infected with Paris-green spread on the potato vines. The bugs seek the water for relief and are devoured by the fish.

The Mormons are still pegging away at their new temple. It is now 20 years since the building was commenced, $4,000,000 has been expended, it is about one-fourth completed, and it is said $38,000,000 will be required to finish it.

On Mr. J. T. Ross' plantation, in Jackson County, Northwest Florida, Lizzie Smith plunged an ax into her husband's head while he was asleep. He had slapped her and driven her from the house, to which she returned at night and murdered him.

Mrs. Tobe Hopkins, of Oconee County, Ga., while at the well drawing water was struck and killed by lightning. Her face and head were badly bruised, the spectacles which she had on being driven into her nose and face.

In the Court of Sessions, Brooklyn, James Doyle, the young man who was found guilty of having killed 15 of his mother's cows with poison, was sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary. The cows were his mother's only support.

Miss Bertie Kenesaler, a comely young lady of 21 Summers, residing in Brooklyn, has become insane from religious excitement at a recent revival meeting in Talmage's Brooklyn tabernacle, under direction of Thomas Harrison, the evangelist.

It is a remarkable fact that the obelisk just brought to New York is the only one that ever had its base and pedestal taken with it. It is also the only one ever removed in a commercial vessel. All the others have had vessels built expressly for them.

New Haven, Conn., appears to be a center of the industry of corset manufacturing. There are nine corset factories there, with an invested capital of $650,000. In the whole country there are 20 factories, with an invested capital of $1,800 000.

Rev. Chas. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, has published a card requesting ladies to make it exceedingly unfashionable to shop after 11 o'clock Saturday morning, thus giving saleswomen an opportunity for a little recreation.

The mormons celebrated the thirty-third anniversity of their entrance into Utah at Salt Lake City Saturday with the usual elaborateness. The Federal officers of Utah were invited to participate, but as it was exclusively a sectarian demonstration they did not attend.

While Eva Thornburg, a young lady living with Hiram B. Cole, one mile south of Morristown, Ind., was standing in the barn, watching them unload hay, a pulley attached to the hay fork pulled out of a board in the floor, striking her upon the head, fracturing her skull.

In a recent engagement on the River Maybe, the Insurrent officers, Brig. Gen. Peppillo Medina and Col. Johnson, the latter a native of the United States, were killed by the Spanish troops. The Insurgent chief, Juan Fleites and three of his followers, surrendered with their arms at Bayamo.

Many of the negro refugees in Kansas, who have not found that State a land of milk and honey, are moving into Texas where workingmen are scarce and wages remunerative. One planter employed 500 blacks in Kansas and others have gone there to secure help. The Texas cotton crop is said to be the largest ever raised there.

It is reported that the Queen is intensely chagrined over the refusal of Parliament to allow the erection of a statue of the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. She desired it erected by the side of the tomb of her father, and since the action of Parliament declares she will never again enter Westminster.

Fannie Ross, a pretty but thievish young woman, was discharged from custody at Paducah, Ky. Within a block of the jail she met John Mathias, a respectable farmer, who was visiting the City. Their acquaintance began on the spot, and before night they were married. In addition the usual ceremony, the bride took a solemn oath of reformation.

The recent earthquake appears to have been one of the most serious and extensive which has happened in Switzerland for several years. Originating in some point on the Eastern slope of the Simplon, it seems to have affected the whole of the Pennine Alps, was felt as far North as Berne, as far East as Geneva, and as far North as the Matterhorn. The chief seat of the disturbance was in the valley of the Upper Rhone.

WHEN children are restless at night, crying out in their sleep and awakening frightened, Denig's Worm Syrup will give immediate relief—followed by three or four doses next day, and a cure will be effected. Only 25 cents a bottle.

A HORRIBLE CRIME

Committed by a Brutal Negro, who Afterwards Pays the Penalty.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 27.—A special from Rockville to the Gazette gives brief particulars of one of the most horrible outrages ever perpetrated in this State. It appears that about 10 o'clock last night a negro named John Diggs, alias Dorsey, a native of Washington, D. C., entered the residence of Mrs. James Ischiffely, a highly-esteemed lady, whose husband, a prominent citizen of Montgomery, was absent in another county on business. The lady was seated quietly at a table, engaged in reading, when the negro suddenly sprang into the room, and, seizing her by the throat, choked her into a condition of semi-consciousness, and threatened if she made an appeal for aid to murder her and burn the house. He then dragged the terrified woman up the staircase, and kept her a prisoner in her room during the entire night, repeatedly subjecting her to his brutal passion. He left the room early this morning, and, thinking he had fled, his victim managed to recover sufficiently to leave the house and start to the residence of a neighbor. The negro was, however, lying in wait, and upon meeting her on the lawn seized her by the hair of her head and dragged her back to the house, where, after subjecting her to further gross assaults, he struck her over the head with a chair. The blow fell with crushing force, cutting the head and face of the lady, forcing her eyes almost from their sockets. She is besides terribly disfigured, her neck and face being horribly cut, swollen and discolored. The negro then escaped. Mrs. Ischiffely was conscious this evening, and under the care of a physician is slowly improving. She is 35 years of age, and a lady of recognized social position, attractive personally and entertaining in manner. She has given an accurate description of her assailant. The news of the outrage, the most horrible in all its details that has ever occurred in Montgomery County, created the wildest excitement in the neighborhood, and bands of men were quickly organized to search for the brutal assailant.

The brutal wretch was captured late last night by the Sheriff and lodged in jail. Shortly before four o'clock this morning, about 60 men appeared at the jail and one of them demanded admission, on the plea of identification. Sheriff Kitchen refused admittance, while the crowd remained, and they fell back a few feet. Another formal demand being made a slight demur was made by the Deputy Sheriff. This was the signal for an assault, and the door was broken in despite of the resistance of the Sheriff. While the door was being forced, quite a melee occurred with the officers, and even after Driggs had been brought out in the open air the Sheriff made another attempt to rescue his prisoner. He was immediately caught and held. In his struggles he received a cut on the arm. The crowd then hurried Diggs off, his ankle iron clanking as he was forced down the road at a quick trot. He seemed quite calm, and said he was willing to die.

Some distance from the town the party met a horse, by preconcerted arrangement. Diggs' hands and arms were pinioned, and it was then found that to hang him by running the horse from under him was impracticable, so a noose was placed around his neck, and he was hauled from the ground, making but little resistance. His body was left hanging. Diggs made a full confession of the crime to the Sheriff previous to the jail being forced.

A HEAVY YIELD

Of Grain in Dakota.

ST. PAUL, July 27.—The following has been received here:

FARGO, D. T., July 24.—Your correspondent has just returned from a personal inspection of the wheat crop of the Missouri, James, Cheyenne, and the Maple Valleys, and has found the wheat with all the appearance of heavy yield, and prospects of a bountiful harvest. Wheat in the Missouri Valley stands very heavy and is well filled, and will be cut early. In the James River Valley and country intervening between this and the Missouri River, estimates place the yield at over 30 bushels per acre, especially the Steele and Spirit Wood farms, both in the Cheyenne Valley. Along the line east of the Maple, the wheat could hardly be expected to look better, the yield being placed at 20 per cent. in excess of last year, and the harvest will begin in this section about August 4. In the Red River Valley, both North and South, on the railroad, especially North, the grain is showing well, and has every appearance of an advance in yield over last season, and the harvest will be in full progress by August 10. Large numbers of Eastern capitalists and others interested in wheat lands are arriving daily and going to their respective farms. The weather is dry and clear, and decidedly propitious for gathering the largest crop ever raised in the Northwest.

AFTER A TITLE.

An American Lady Commits Suicide in Paris Because She Did Not Get It.

NEW YORK, July 22.—A special from Paris to the Telegram says: Paris was shocked this morning by the announcement of the suicide of an American lady well known here and in London circles, Mrs. Annie Wetmore, of New York, took her life yesterday by poisoning herself, at the residence of Lady Albert Hotham Clinton, on Rue Billault. The deceased was a very handsome woman about 35 years of age. Up to a short time since she was said to have been affianced to the Marquis of Anglezy, to whom she became engaged soon after her divorce from her husband. In June last Anglezy met and married Mrs. Wodehouse, nee Miss Minnie King, of Georgia. Mrs. Wetmore was dreadfully depressed on hearing of the marriage, and at last, in despair, put an end to her life. The sad occurrence has created a great sensation in the American colony.

Honored and Blest.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announce the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that *great medicine*, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat.*

GENERAL HANCOCK

Will Have His Letter Ready This Week.

NEW YORK, July 27.—It is now pretty well understood that Gen. Hancock will have his letter of acceptance written and ready for delivery to the Chairman of the Committee on Notification by Wednesday. It will be brief, and of a positive, straightforward character. Arrangements have been made to furnish two copies to all local papers and Associated Press associations. It is not understood that Mr. English's letter of acceptance will appear at the same time, and it probably will not for some days after.

Indiscretions and Excesses.

Lost vitality, impotency, failing power, seminal weakness, spermatorhœa, and all the evil consequences of self abuse are rapidly relieved and cured by Liebig Co's Coca Beef Tonic. Circulars with opinions and endorsements by the most eminent physicians, such as Sir Robert Christison, M. D., LL. D., Physician to to Her Majesty the Queen, Prof. Duncan Campbell, M. D., LL. D., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, and hundreds of equally eminent accompany each bottle. Liebig Co's Coca Beef Tonic is sold by all druggists at $1.00 a bottle, or sent to any address on receipt of price, by addressing P. O. Box 2777, New York City.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Interesting Statistics from Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The excess of exports over imports for the 12 months ending June 30, was $169,908 359. During the year just closed both the value of imports of merchandise into, and value of exports of merchandise from the United States were larger than during any preceding year in the history of the United States. The value of exports for the year ending June 30, 1880, exceeded the value of exports of merchandise during the preceding year about $125,000,000, or 18 per cent., and the value of imports of merchandise during the preceding year about $222,000,000, or 50 per cent. The increase in the value of imports of merchandise exceeded the increase in the value of exports nearly $27,000,000. The value of imports and exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed exceeded the value of such imports and exports during the preceding year about $347,000,000, an increase of 20 per cent. The rapid growth of the foreign commerce of the country is strikingly exhibited by the fact that the value of imports and exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed amounted to $1,503,679,489, being about 81 per cent. greater than the value of imports and exports of 1870, and nearly 119 per cent. greater than he value of imports and exports of 1860. The exports of coin and bullion during the year ending June 30, 1880, were about $7,800,000 less than during the preceding fiscal year, and the imports of coin and bullion during the year ended June 30, 1880, exceeded the imports during the prebeding fiscal year about $72,700,000. During the year just closed, for the first time since 1860, the imports of coin and bullion exceeded the exports.

BOYS IN BLUE.

To be Organized Immediately for Campaign Work.

NEW YORK, July 27.—As will be seen by the correspondence given below, the organization of the "Boys in Blue" is to be once more placed in active operation. Gen. Grant has spoken in unmistakable terms of the importance of promoting the interest of the country by reasserting the principles for which the "Boys in Blue" contended in the field, and his directions as commander-in-chief of the organization are to be carried out in this State by Gen. Charles K. Graham. The details of the movement of this year are as follows:

MANITOU, Col., July. 21, 1880.

Col. Drake DeKay, Adjutant General "Boys in Blue," New York City:

Publish order telegraphed. In my opinion, the best interests of the whole country, North and South, demand the success of the ticket headed by Garfield and Arthur.

U. S. GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS UNION VETERANS' UNION, "BOYS IN BLUE," NEW YORK, July 22, 1880.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.—I, The member for each State of the National Committee of the Union Veterans' Union will at once proceed to organize the "Boys in Blue" in their respective States to promote the election of Garfield and Arthur.

II. The organization of "boys in blue" will report to the department commanders in their respective States. By order of

U. S. GRANT.

Commander-in-Chief "Boys in Blue."
DRAKE DEKAY, Adjutant General.

MURDEROUS MARTIN

Chops His Wife to Pieces.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., July 27.—To day Abraham Martin, of this place, assaulted his wife, Lucinda, with an ax, and cut her so terribly about the body and shoulders that she cannot live many hours. The crime was one of the most unnatural and disgusting known in the annals of crime. Martin has been married to the woman he has mangled for 35 years, and she is the mother of 14 children. About 12 years ago he took up with Estella Greenwood, and since that time has been living with her, and spent half his time in her house. His wife refused to live with him any longer, and this morning made her preparation to leave, when Martin came upon her, and declared that she would not live with him any longer. He went out and got an ax, and, despite her almost superhuman efforts to get away from him, felled her to the ground, and literally chopped her shoulder and body into shreds. Strange to say, the woman still lives, but her death is considered only a question of a few hours. Martin has not yet been arrested.

AN ALLEGED DEFALCATION

By a Democratic Treasurer.

WATERTOWN, Wis., July 27.—The notorious case of Dodge County vs. O. W. Traynor, the Democratic Treasurer of the County, for an alleged defalcation of $27,000, on trial before the Green Lake County Circuit Court, has resulted in his acquittal on the final and last count. The shortage to the taxpayers of Dodge County of the amount named is not denied, but it appears that justice is yet to overtake the one guilty of the crime committed against the people. It is held that through political connivance the ends of justice in this case cannot be obtained, it being of the utmost importance to the Democratic party of the "banner County" that no disclosures be made that would expose and implicate the party managers, and thus make them powerless to advance the interests of "political reform," so dear to the heart of the Democracy.

ANOTHER MINE HORROR.

Men Killed by Black Damp in Pennsylvania Mines.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 27.—At 11 o'clock last night Jonathan Wadley, Superintendent; Frank Williamson, Inside Boss, and John Reese, District Superintendent, of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, descended into the Keely Run Colliery to examine the ventilation. They were found at 1 o'clock to-day, dead from black damp. Rescuing parties were at work since dawn, and many of these were taken from the mine overcome by foul air. The most intense excitement prevailed, and all work in the neighborhood is suspended. The three men dead leave families.

ARMY NOTES.

After Victoria — Gen. Hancock's Duties.

WASAINGTON, July 27.—Gen. McDowell telegraphs the Adjutant General from San Francisco, "I have a long dispatch from the Mexican General Valle, dated Carizla July 13th, saying he takes the field against Victoria's with 320 cavalry and 150 infantry, and has authority to cross the line sent him by our President.

Gen. Hancock, in addition to present duties has been assigned to the command of the department of the South, during the temporary absence of Brigadier General Augur.

TURKEY.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

LONDON, July 27.—A Constantinople dispatch to the Daily News says: "The Porte is trying to place the responsibility of rejecting the decision of the Berlin Conference on the Grand Council, but the Ambassadors have intimated to the Sultan that he alone is responsible. In the meantime, troops and stores are being hurried to Albania. If Greece should move to occupy the territory, it is intended to convert the Turkish soldiers to the Albanian troops. Many hundreds of the Albanian dresses have been made at Constantinople for them. The tone of the Turkish press is very violent toward the European Powers."

Horsford's Bread Preparation.

the healthful and nutritious Baking Powder stands ahead of all others. The grocers have it.

Miss Rogers, daughter of the sculptor Randolph Rogers, has just been married at Rome to Signor Pio Santini, a handsome young Italian gentleman.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

DRY GOODS.

The readjustment of price which has been going on in the dry goods trade in establishing a basis for fall operations, is now nearly complete. Fractionally lower values rule on many classes of goods, with a slight upward change in others. A prominent wholesale jobber who has just returned from an inspection of Eastern markets says that mill agents are yet suspicious of each other, and that while in some lines of goods jobbers have purchased liberally, the general disposition is to hold off until the first week of August, and that many merchants have gone for a few days to pleasure resorts and watering places, expecting to be in the market next week. It is now evident that orders for future delivery will not be placed, as was the case last season, and that while there will be a brisk trade after the first of the month in staple goods. Orders will only be given in accordance with the legitimate wants of trade, and all speculation will be avoided.

GROCERIES.

The American Grocer comments thus on the condition of the grocery market: Tea has been active during the week and a good deal of speculative business is reported. With the exception of Congou all kinds are strong, and the sales liberal and generally made at improving prices.

The Brazil coffee trade has been very slow, and we reduce quotations ¼c on all grades, the market being barely steady at the reduced figures. In other kinds of coffee the stock of Padang has been increased, yet the market is steady if not strong. The demand for Central American and other growths of coffee is good and the market rules steady.

Operations in molasses are on a very limited scale and prices rule quiet and unchanged.

The summer demand for rice continues good, the stocks are small and holders not willing to make any concessions. Southern advices note a strong market, so that prices here are held firm at out quotations. Rangoon is selling freely for export and home trade.

Fair	@6¾	Fancy	7⅜@7½
Good	6¾@7	Rangoon	5.90@7
Prime	@7¼	Patna	7⅝@7½
Choice	7⅜@7⅝		

A strong market at unchanged figures expresses the present situation of sugar. There is at this writing a stock in the four ports amounting to 187,959 tons, or 50,035 tons more than was held at the same period in 1879. At New York the stock amounts to 145,613 tons. Fair to good refining Cuba is quoted at 7 11-16c to 7 13 16c, and centrifugals testing 97 were sold at 8 11 16c.

HARDWARE, ETC.

There are no new features to note in the hardware market. Prices remain unchanged but firm and jobbers are preparing for a good fall trade.

In the wholesale iron trade prices have a strong tone which has to a certain extent checked trade. Consumers yet have some stock on hand, and do not care to anticipate their wants, feeling that to purchase now they will assist in stimulating prices to a degree that might result in an injurious reaction.

LUMBER.

The lumber trade is in a healthy condition, with an upward tendency in the general trade.

COAL.

There is a firm feeling in coal and dealers in the country are more disposed to operate. The policy of holding off for lower prices has not benefited dealers, who seem satisfied that present rates if not higher ones will rule. The dead-lock in the wholesale trade is broken and buyers are becoming numerous.

PORK PRODUCTS, ETC.

A strong bull movement set in some time since in hog products at Chicago, which has resulted in strengthening prices pretty much all over the country. Interior holders of pork are very firm in their views. Smoked meats are held at outside prices. As to the future course of values, much will depend upon the ability of the pork combination to maintain values.

The London Truth says that more than sixty tons of American meat that had become putrid on the voyage from New York to Liverpool has been forwarded to the capital and exposed for sale. The World thinks Minister Lowell should look after this putrid meat business, as a few instances of this kind may ruin this important and growing trade.

There is a strong feeling in England against a continuance of the present arbitrary restrictions upon the importation of cattle from this country—restrictions which would seem to be maintained simply in the interest of home cattle raisers, to the prejudice of the great mass of the people, who demand cheap meat. There is no trustworthy evidence to show that there is now any pleuro-pneumonia in this country; and even if there were, we have a thorough system of inspection which renders the shipment of diseased animals quite out of the question. Sir Arthur Arnold gives notice that on the 6th prox. he will move that the United States be not included in the infected countries, and, judging from the popular feeling in England, parliament will doubtless assent to it.

Germany has by Imperial decree prohibited the importation of American pork, as a sanitary measure.

HIDES—LEATHER.

There is a steady but not quick movement in hides, with a weak tone.

Leather both in the Eastern and Western markets has gained strength during the past month. Eastern advices show that manufacturers have been purchasing a little more freely, and that the sample lots sold indicate greater activity later. Holders are no longer inclined to sell large lots, and there is a general belief that there is to be more business. Sole-leather has been selling at 25 cents for the best non-acid tannage down to 24 and 23½c for good, in prominent markets.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co., dated Boston, July 24, says of the wool market: We notice a firm market and a steady demand for all kinds of wool, but, with the exception of combing and delaine, the demand is far from active. Manufacturers are still purchasing cautiously and moderately, but the number of buyers have increased, and there is a fair prospect of a more active market. There appears to be, in fact, a general improvement in business, and buyers are purchasing nearly all leading staples with more confidence. We do not, however, look for any advance at present, but holders are less disposed to make concessions and stocks are held quite firm at the current rates.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio X, XX and No. 1, 47@48c; Michigan X and above, 46@47c; Wisconsin X, 41@44½c; combing and delaine, 42½@52½c; unwashed combing, 34@35c; Georgia, 38½c; Texas, 21@37c; Kentucky, 33½@37c; Territory, 27@32c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 25@37½c; California spring, 35½@38c; California fall, 19@23c; scoursed, 50@90c; super and extra pulled, 42@52½c; tub washed, 49c; No 2 fleeces, 30c; Canada combing, 42½@45c; River Plate skins, 68@85c; Australian choice, 50c.

OILS.

The market is well sustained and the sales are fair.

Some of the Petroleum refineries in Pittsburg, after being idle since the first of the year, have started up, and they will all be in full blast before long.

During the month of June there was a daily average petroleum production in the Pennsylvania oil regions of 67,897 bbls, against 55,888 bbls for the corresponding month last year, an increase of 12,042 bbls. The visible supply of July was 12,709,914 bbls., against 7,663,159 bbls. on July 1, 1879, an increase of 5,545,784 bbls.

FISH.

The trade is of good proportions at recent prices.

SALT.

Salt in barrels is now placed at 90c for wholesale lots. Pock prices to farmers $1.10.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1880.

The New York Produce Exchange Weekly intimates that Great Britain may require to import 90,000,000@100,000,000 bushels wheat, Germany, 10,000 000@14,000,000, and France 40,000,000; total, 140,000,000@154,000,000 bushels. The United Kingdom gives promise of an average yield per acre, but on a diminishing area.

A week since, intelligence from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and various other sections indicated serious injury to the crops, but later information shows that the damage has been of a local nature and much under what was supposed. At the present time the crop prospects are very encouraging and the yield is certain to be large. As to the future prices of wheat, while they will undoubtedly rule lower than last season, there seems no reason for the belief entertained by some that there is an over-production that will prove ruinous to farmers. Stocks of old wheat in Europe are low, and as it is the policy of English grain merchants to purchase largely when grain can be secured cheaply, we may anticipate the heaviest exportation of grain that has been known for years. Three per cent. on money is considered a good investment by English speculators, and if wheat can be purchased cheaply in America, with a prospect of a rise in value equal to 7 or 8 per cent., even within one or two years, (which there certainly now is,) investments will be made in American wheat to the extent of every surplus bushel in the country.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange the trade in Wheat for immediate delivery was of good proportions and prices held well up, with slight fluctuations about the middle of the session. Spot Amber sold limitedly at 96¾c, ½c better than before. Old of same kind noted a rise of 4c, 103c.

In White Wheat, No. 1 White Michigan was taken to a fair extent. New grain was unchanged at 93c. Old opened at 100c, rose to 102c, and closed at 101c.

The Red Wheat market for cash was quite animated. No. 2 Red Wabash was placed on the first deal at 96¾c, rose to 96½c, dropped to 96¾c, went up to 96½c, then to 96¾c, and finally closed at 96½c, same as yesterday. Old started at 100c and moved upward on subsequent sales until 103c, the closing rate, was touched. D. & M. 95¾@96½c, the latter to close.

The following is a reflex of the closing prices of the leading grades of Wheat for immediate delivery on each day during week ended July 26:

	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.	Sat.	Mon.
Amber	101	98	98¾	96¾	96¾	96½
2 Red Wab.	101	98	98¾	96¾	96¾	96½
3 Red Wab.	97	94⅝	95¾	92	92	90⅝
2 Amb. Ill.	106	104	104	101	....	....
West. Amb.	....	....	....	....	....	.....

For future delivery, the sales were less numerous than on the preceding day, July and October gaining slightly, while August was a little weak. Seller July brought 96¾c, ¼c up. Seller August, 95¾, 95⅝ and 95½c, the weaker price to conclude, ½c down. Seller September out of the market. Seller October opened at 96¾c, and closed at 97c, ½c better.

The following will show the price for future delivery of No. 2 Red Wabash for the week ending July 26:

NO. 2, RED WABASH.

	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	96¾	96	96	....
Wednesday	97¾	95¾	95¾	....
Thursday	98¾	96⅝	96¾	....
Friday	96⅝	95½	96	....
Saturday	96¾	95¾	96	97
Monday	96⅝	96⅝	.....	96½

No. 3 Red Wheat was taken on the initial sale at 91c and ended with 91½c paid, ½c higher. No. 2 Red Mixed closed at 91c. Rejected Wheat, 78@c, 3½c advance. No. 2 Amber Illinois, 102@104c, outside at the close, 2c above yesterday.

There was a very fair trade in Corn for cash at a small decline. High-mixed, 39½c, 1¼c off, to arrive, 39½c. No. 2, 39c. Rejected, 38¾@38¼c, the smaller price at the conclusion, ½c lower. Damaged, 35c. No. 2 White, no sales.

The price of Corn for present delivery will be found in the following, for the week ended July 26:

	High-mix.	No. 2.	Rej.	Dam.
Tuesday	40⅝	39¾	39¼	38¾
Wednesday	40⅝	39¾	39¼	....
Thursday	40	39⅜	39	38½
Friday	40	39½	39	....
Saturday	39¾	.....	38¾	....
Monday, 29th	39¾	.....	38¾	....

Oats dull. No. 2 August, 25¾c, Michigan, cash, 32½c.

Our Grain Exports—European Requirements of Our Surplus.

The following from a recent issue of the Commercial Bulletin giving comparisons of exports and the estimated surplus which will remain, will be read with interest. The Bulletin says:

Suppose we assume what the now existing conditions appear to warrant, that our own wheat crop will exceed that of 1879 by about 10 ₱ cent., and that the crop in all other countries combined will amount to an average one. What Europe may require out of our crop can be inferred from our past exports. The total exports of wheat and flour from the United States for the three last fiscal years have been as follows:

	Bushels.
1877-8, estimated	175,000,000
1878-9, actual	162,100,000
1877-78, actual	111,900,000
Average for the three years	149,000,000

This average export of 149,000,000 bushels for the last three years was made under the extraordinary exigency of three successive short crops in Europe; and, thus being wholly exceptional, these figures cannot afford any criteria of what the requirements would be under the average European crops at present anticipated. A better standard of the ordinary demand upon this country from Europe is afforded by the following figures, showing the exports of wheat and flour from the United States for the four fiscal years next preceding the three short crops in other countries:

	Bushels.
1876-7	53,900,000
1875-76	69,500,000
1874-75	75,900,000
1873-74	91,400,000
Average for four years	72,675,000

It will be seen from this comparison that during the latest four years of ordinary crops in other countries, the exports from the United States averaged 73,000,000 bushels. During the same years the crops of wheat in the United States, as reported by the bureau of agriculture, were as follows:

	Bushels.
1876	292,900,000
1875	292,100,000
1874	309,100,000
1873	281,300,000
Average crop for four years	293,600,000

Thus, to provide for an average export of 73,000,000 bu, we had an average crop of 294,000,000 bu; leaving 220,000,000 bu for home use each year. Allowing that, since the period here instanced, the requirements for seed and home consumption have increased about 10 ₱ cent., we may take those wants as represented, at the present time, by 250,000,000 bu. If we estimate the growing crop at 10 ₱ cent. increase upon the 440,000,000 bu of last year, we should then have an available supply from the present harvest of 494,000 000 bu. The case of supply and requirements would then stand thus:

	Bushels.
United States crop	494,000,000
For seed and home consumption	250,000,000
Surplus	244,000,000
Ordinary export requirements	73,000,000
Balance remaining	171,000,000

It will thus be seen that, upon the foregoing assumption as to the volume of the